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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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ANGEL FACES.

"I have not seen her now for a great many years; but *with that same face*, whatever change she may pretend to find in it, *she will go to heaven*; for it is the face of her spirit. A good heart never grows old."—*Autobiography of Leigh Hunt.*

We see them with us here,
Bright happy faces, fraught with smiles and mirth,
Yet too perceptibly the traits of earth
Alloy those features dear.

Infancy passes by;
The mother's wondering eyes behold no more
Her baby's backward glances to the shore
Of pre-existence high.

Childhood, alas, declines :
Vanished too soon the genuine glow of youth,
There lives upon the brow life's sad, stern truth,
Stamped in deep furrowed lines.

We see them pass away —
Pass with pale faces; not, indeed, the same,
But innocent as when to earth they came
On life's first opening day.

The signs of pain and care
Are lost in that we feel's an angel smile;
The marks of worldliness, of sin, of guile —
Not one of them is there !

We close them from our sight,
Yet never can forget. We seem to know
How fairly those transfigured ones will shew
Up to their home of light.

Passed quite beyond our ken,
Still there was *something*, so that we could trace
How Death's strong magic makes an angel face
Out of the face of men.

And there are some, though few,
Who never soil on earth heaven's virgin page,
Who keep unchanged, through every upward stage,
Childhood's own spotless hue.

So beautiful and good,
We feel that all unaltered they might stand
Amid the ranks of the redeemed band,
As here with us they stood.

They need not our poor prayers;
They call for thanks to Heaven, whose love untold
Allowed our hearts awhile the bliss to hold
Those 'angels unawares !' "

Chambers' Journal.

HOPE.

We walk beneath the shelter of God's wings,
While by our pathway, Hope, His angel, sings
Of His unseen and everlasting things.

She sings to us of Heaven, the great Home land,
And our eternal House not made with hand,
Preparing for us there by Christ's command;

That not as strangers shall we reach its shore,
Friendless, an unknown country we explore —
Our Elder Brother hath gone on before;

And of the glorious resurrection hour,
When from the dust of earth each buried flower
Shall come forth clothed with glory, honour,
power;

And then she ends with the majestic chord,
"Thus shall ye be for ever with the Lord."
Be it to us according to her word.

People's Magazine.

O GOD! MY HEART IS FIXED!

My whole desire
Doth deeply turn away
Out of all time, unto eternal day.
I give myself, and all I call my own,
To Christ forever, to be His alone.

I leave the world,
Its wealth allures not me;
With God alone will I contented be.
The creature shall no longer fill my mind;
In the Creator what I want I find.

Now, O my God !
My comfort, portion, rest !
Thou, none but Thou, shalt reign within my breast.
Call me to Thee! call me Thyself — oh! speak,
And bind my heart to Thee, whom most I seek !

Then let me dwell
But as a pilgrim here :
One to whom earth seems distant — heaven more near.

Let this my joy, my life, my life-work, be,
To die to self — to live, my Lord, to Thee.

I know this road
Through narrow straits doth wend,
Wherein my stubborn will must stoop and bend.

Jesus, I offer unto Thee my will —
Thy love can make it humble, sweet and still.

Thou art my King —
My King henceforth alone;
And I thy servant, Lord, am all Thine own.
Give me Thy strength : oh ! let Thy dwelling be
In this poor heart that pants, my Lord, for Thee !

Gerhard Tersteegen.

From The Westminster Review.
THE PILGRIM FATHERS.*

Is there any one, not wholly illiterate, who has not in the picture gallery of his mind, some historical scene or incident which stands out from the rest in brighter colours, with sharper outlines, with closer resemblance of life? It may be Leonidas holding the pass of Thermopylæ against the Spartan bands; or the brave Horatius, when with

"Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind,
... he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old."

Or the dauntless Boadicea, when, fired by the Druid bard's "prophetic strains," she

"Rush'd to battle, fought and died,
Dying — hurl'd them at the foe."

Or the Saxon Alfred harping his simple ditties in the hostile Danish camp, or one or other of the thousand romantic incidents with which the pages of history are crowded. To us, one scene from modern history has always seemed unsurpassably heroic. It is a simple circumstance enough, with few outward accompaniments likely to enchain the fancy or arrest the lover of the picturesque. No pomp or circumstance of war surrounds the actors in this little drama. No royal pageantry dignifies the event. No tragic element calls for the sympathetic tear. One sees on a cold November day a small brig tossed about by wintry gales sweeping desolately over the North Atlantic. Dark clouds rush angrily through the grey oppressive sky. The wild sea stretches round sailless and melancholy, as it has done for untold ages. No giant steamers then breasted those hostile surges. No friendly sail loomed up at times above the far horizon. That vessel was following an unknown track, and bound for an unknown shore. Small as she was, more than a hundred souls had found a home in that little ship for sixty-

six days past. They had been buffeted by storm and swept by seas, driven from their course and drifted towards a coast where no European foot had ever trod. Yet as the strange inhospitable land rises dimly out of the distant clouds, and as the end of their weary voyage draws near, the psalms of David are heard exultant above the howling winds and the hissing seas, and those stubborn pilgrims, whose ardour the sea's vague terrors have been vain to quell, and whose faith has triumphed over the tempest's violence, with hopes unshaken and will unchanged, praise their God. It is of these people and their first experiences on that alien soil that we propose now to speak. At a time when the attention of people in this country is being so largely directed to the relations which subsist between England and her colonies, it surely cannot be without interest to look back to the period when the great work of Anglo-Saxon colonization first began.

The year 1607 found ecclesiastical affairs in England confused and troubled. Protestantism was still in its feeble infancy. Religious freedom was as much a dream of hope as it had been in the reign of Mary. The Popedom was still supreme, but his holiness instead of being the Roman Pontiff was the English king. When Henry VIII. separated himself from the papacy, he did so only that the supreme power over all things and causes ecclesiastical as well as temporal, spiritual as well as material, might be vested in himself. He changed the relations of the Crown to the Church, not those of the Church to the people. He remained a Catholic at heart, cherishing the old ceremonial, and dying in full reliance upon its creeds. But during his reign there was no more real liberty of belief than there had been. The monarch ruled the faith of his people. He, and he only, held the right to order their mode of worship; to appoint bishops, to prescribe rules of church government. He forbade the free perusal of the Bible, and granted the privilege, as a kingly boon, to merchants and to nobles. At his death but one link had been struck from the chain of the Church fetters binding inexorably the English nation. Mary, as we all know,

* 1. *History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent.* By GEORGE BANCROFT. 5 Vols. London: Routledge and Sons.

2. *History of the Puritans.* By D. NEAL. 5 Vols. London: 1822.

3. *Lives of the Chief Fathers of New England.* Boston.

a zealous Catholic and a good Papist, sought to undo the little that her father had done. Then came Elizabeth, that "bright occidental star," who was as bent upon being herself the Pope of the English Church as Henry had been. It is true she revised the Liturgy and abolished many of the more obnoxious ceremonials, but she retained in her heart a love of the Catholic ritual, and sought by the most rigorous measures to enforce conformity. Fearful of any menace to her throne, she took every mark of opposition to the creed she propounded as a denial of her supremacy and therefore as inimical to her crown. The Anglican Church might be reformed, its doctrines refined, its ritual simplified, but it was to be not less than the early church had been *the* Church and the only Church of the people. In those days of quickened thought the setting of any limits to man's religious life began to be irksome. In a land where men had suffered torture and welcomed a death of agony rather than conform to the Church of Rome, there were sure to be men who would suffer like penalties for "conscience sake," rather than conform to the Church of England. Once light the torch of liberty, and it blazes irrepressibly. No waters of affliction can quench it. No blast of oppression can extinguish that living flame. It comes to man in his seasons of darkness as an eternal revelation, the light of God shining constant in his illumined heart. So it was in England. The reformers of the Anglican Church strove in vain to set bounds to the work they had begun. They substituted for the idol they had torn down another in its place, and bade the people worship this form of their own creation. But it would not do. The new Church, grand as it might be in its fresh simplicity, beautiful as was its liturgy, solemn and most affecting as were its prayers, was ministered unto by priests who claimed equally with those of Rome, descent from Heaven and an exclusive commission for their office. They sanctioned no exercise of conscience, they allowed no liberty of thought. They, and they alone, were to be the dispensers, according to prescribed formula, of God's great truth and God's vast mercy.

So it was that men who had read their Bibles in secret, and whose consciences condemned the forms submitted to them, and whose will revolted against the yoke imposed upon them, went into private places where they might worship their Maker as they would, or openly in their own churches expounded the truth as it was revealed to them in their hearts. In vain were commissions appointed to put a stop to these "pernicious heresies." In vain did Elizabeth by heavy penalties and incessant persecution seek to put down these "pestilent and stiffnecked disturbers" of her realm. In 1593 there were said to be 20,000 who frequented conventicles, and mighty efforts were made to root them out. It was proposed to deal out to them the measure dealt to the Huguenots in France and the Moors in Spain. Persons who absented themselves from public service for a month, without proper reason shown, were made liable to exile or to death. Two notable worthies, Barrow and Greenwood, were hanged at Tyburn for no other cause than that they dissented from the Church. Many of the persecuted fled to Holland, and for a time Independency was subdued amongst the people. But among the clergy the spirit of nonconformity spread continuously, and exhibited itself in the doctrines taught from the Church's pulpits.

We need not say what high hopes had been formed prior to the accession of James — the first English Stuart — regarding the probable establishment, during his reign, of religious liberty. A king of Puritan principles, brought up in a land of Puritans, and possessing considerable reputation as an enlightened theologian, would it was hoped inaugurate a better state of things. This hope was soon dispelled. The English hierarchy had likened his advent to the coming of a "Scottish mist." They found in him, instead, a warm and genial ally. It was the old, old tale. He that gets power will keep it. Authority is sweet to all, but especially is it so to little minds, and no littler mind ever swayed the English sceptre than that which dwelt in the bosom of the conceited and pragmatic pedant — that "wonder of the world," whose "singular and

extraordinary graces"—they were so truly—are set forth in words of priestly adulation in the preface to our English Bible.

"No bishop, no king;" were the favourite words of the royal controversialist, and his views upon matters ecclesiastical cannot be better or more pithily set forth than in his own words, uttered before the Conference, which he summoned as an act of regal grace, in response to the Millenary petition for a reform of certain ceremonies and abuses of the Church, presented to him by 800 Puritans. This celebrated gathering of all the leading divines and dignitaries of the Church lasted four days, and was presided over by the king, to whom it afforded a tempting field for the display of his polemical knowledge, and the exercise of his controversial skill. At the close, his Majesty said tersely—

"But as to the power of the Church in things indifferent, I will not argue that point with you, but answer, as Kings in parliament, *le Roi s'avisera*. This is like Mr. John Black, a beardless boy, who told me the last Conference in Scotland, that he would hold conformity in doctrine, but that every man as to ceremonies was to be left to his own liberty, but I will have none of that, I will have one doctrine, one discipline, one religion in substance and in ceremony. Never speak more to that point, how far you are bound to obey."

It having been proposed to grant certain powers of meeting, and of synodical action, we are told that the king broke out into a flame, and, instead of hearing the doctor's reasons, or commanding his bishops to answer them, told the ministers they were aiming at a Scots presbytery—

"Which," said he, "agrees with monarchy as well as God and the devil. Then Dick and Tom, Will and Jack, shall meet, and at their pleasure censure with me and my Council. Therefore pray stay one seven years before you demand that of me, and if then you find me pursey and fat, and my windpipe stuffed, I will perhaps hearken to you, for let that government be up, and I am sure I shall be kept in breath, but till you find me lazy, pray let that alone."

Then, turning to the bishops, he put his hand to his hat, and said,—

"My lords, I may thank you that these puritans plead for my supremacy, for if once you

are out, and they are in place, I know what would become of my supremacy, for no *bishop*, no *king*. If this be all your party have to say," he added, reverting to the Puritan doctor, "I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of this land, or else worse"

Nor was this threat an idle one, for in the year 1604, 300 Puritan ministers "were silenced, imprisoned, or exiled." Backed up by such a king, the clergy went on to the utmost lengths, establishing a censorship over the press, "denying every doctrine of popular rights," and in their abject submission to the tyrannic monarch, subordinating parliament and law and every human institution to his supreme will.

Firm in their determination to resist conformity, yet hopeless of any concession on the part of king and prelacy, the Puritans looked for an asylum in some land where conscience might be obeyed and freedom enjoyed. Such a refuge they found in Holland, where liberty had been achieved and the Reformation established, much earlier, and more thoroughly than in England. James had not been five years on the throne before the first notable exodus took place. For some time past men in the north of England had been ripening for the separation. Even before the death of Elizabeth many poor people in Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, and Lincolnshire, moved by their own convictions, or, as they said, "enlightened by the Word of God," formally severed themselves from the National Church, repudiated all "ceremonies" as "monuments of idolatry," protested against the "lordly power of prelates," heeded no acts of parliament, and "rejecting the offices and callings, the courts and canons of bishops, and renouncing all obedience to human authority," resolved—

"Whatever it might cost them, to shake off the anti-christian bondage, and as the Lord's free people to join themselves by a covenant into a Church estate, in the fellowship of the Gospel, to walk in all the ways which God had made known or should make known to them."

Thus was born the first Non-conforming Church. To this humble but earnest movement, begun by a few obscure and lowly Englishmen, may be traced all that

vast and vital energy which, in these days, two and a half centuries later, contests with the National Church its hold over the people's souls, and in its many organized developments of Congregationalism, Methodism, Baptistism, and the rest, does so much to sustain Christian activity and inculcate "Bible principles" through the world-pervading Anglo-Saxon race.

The quaint old town of Boston, in Lincolnshire, was the headquarters of the Puritan Reformation. To this day patriotic New Englanders bend their footsteps thither as to a historic shrine. There an excellent pastor, "a man not easily to be paralleled," the patriarch of the Pilgrim Fathers—the real founder of the New England States—one John Robinson, had gathered together a faithful non-conforming flock. After vainly striving, amidst constant interference, to worship God after their own simple fashion, this minister and church resolved to flee. It was no easy matter in those days to do this. One attempt was frustrated, and the leaders in it imprisoned. In the spring of 1608, Robinson and his companion, Brewster, with a party of grave, sad men, weeping women, and wailing children assembled secretly on a desolate heath near the mouth of the Humber and on the most dreary shore of Lincolnshire. The little vessel that was to convey them lay off the coast. One boatload of passengers was on its way to the ship, when a party of horsemen swooped down upon the remaining fugitives and took them captive. They were mostly women and children, whose loud lamentations made the scene exceedingly depressing. These poor wretches were taken before the magistrates, but their only offence being that they were going with their husbands and their fathers, the detention of such homeless and helpless captives seemed a bootless business, so they were released. And thus the Pilgrims left their unkindly fatherland. Modern colonists know how bad it is to leave the dear home-country, with all the fond ties, hallowed graves, loving hearts, and dearest recollections—bad enough even when friends are around you and no difficulty bars the way. How much more painful, then, must it have been to those first emigrants—exiles rather—to be thus driven by persecution from their fathers' homes, and by stealth to creep away with the law's minions threatening them; going they scarce knew whither, and having nought but faith to cheer them onward.

The Dutch had no reason to regret the intrusion of these refugees into their

midst. The exiles were hard-working men and good citizens. Most of them had been farmers at home, but in Holland they had to become mechanics, thus reversing the common experience of our modern colonists, who are mostly townspeople turned into farmers. Brewster, the ruling elder, took to printing. Bradford, the future Governor of Massachusetts, became a dyer. But their new home was not congenial to them. They disliked and could with difficulty acquire the language. National customs were different; judged by their strict Bible standard, the Continental Sabbath (strange that this Puritanic reaction should prevail still) was a defiance of God's commandment. They felt as strangers in a strange land, and yearned mightily for England. That love of country which the Anglo-Saxon colonist has ever since carried with him to the uttermost ends of the earth, was potent in their bosoms. What an agent has this patriotic instinct of British men been in moulding the destinies of the New World! Call it narrow and clannish as we may, condemn it as ungenerous and illiberal as we can, we are nevertheless constrained to admit that the staunch fealty of expatriated Englishmen to their fatherland has worked wonderfully for good wherever the Anglo-Saxon foot has trod or the Anglo-Saxon speech is heard.

It has made that speech the language of the world. It has stamped with the lasting impress of English liberty the political institutions of forty rising States. It has checked the ardour of the demagogue and curbed the rashness of the reformer in lands where power was impotent to punish and authority was ineffectual to restrain. It has planted homes on distant shores and filled them with fond and loyal hearts. It has sanctified the marriage tie and elevated the parental relation. It has reproduced home industries and has kindled commercial enterprise in colonial lands. It has founded and fostered a free press and given a world-wide empire to English literature. Above all it has established liberty of conscience and left men free to worship as they list. And it has done this not in one country merely, or in one zone; not merely amidst the pine forests, by the sea-like streams, or on the wide prairies of America, but on the vast pasture lands of Southern Africa, in the hot plains and the ancient cities of Hindostan, along the far coasts of Australia and New Zealand, and amongst many islands of the sea, English patriotism has done its work, and the fidelity of English-

men to the inheritance of their fathers is recognized as a natural virtue.

So longing once more to live, nominally at any rate, under their country's government, the Pilgrims cast their eyes round for another home. In those days there was scant choice of localities, for the Cape and the Australias were unknown lands. The New World, to which the eyes of Europe had lately been directed by the glowing stories of Raleigh and the daring deeds of Drake, naturally had the preference. There the spell of mystery was added to the charm of freedom. There, in those deep western woods, with their strange garb of autumnal colour, extending no one knew whither, was unfettered liberty and unbounded elbow-room. To a religious-minded people, steeped in Biblical lore and guided in their conduct by Scriptural traditions and examples, the idea of wending their way to a new land to possess it in the Lord's name came with irresistible force. They, like the children of Israel, were sojourners upon alien soil. True, they had left the house of bondage, but they were yet in the vale of bitterness. Yonder was their Canaan, not promised, indeed, but easily to be won and peopled for the Lord's purposes. The sea was their wilderness; the Bible, and the faith it taught, their pillar of fire. No wonder, then, that they were stirred by "a hope and inward zeal of advancing the kingdom of Christ in the remote parts of the New World."

In 1620 King James, with a generosity that was characteristic of the time, though by no means of the man, granted to a company of forty of his subjects, many of them persons of birth and influence, all the country lying along the eastern shore of America, between the fortieth and the forty-eighth degrees of north latitude, and virtually extending back to the Pacific Ocean. This enormous and unprecedented grant represented a territory more than a million square miles in extent, and capable of supporting a population of two hundred millions. With it went the most entire power of control and disposal. Nothing was reserved. The crown made over this gigantic monopoly without any contingent right whatever. Before it had been granted, however, other claimants, whose only title was possession, had occupied the scene, and what on the face of it seemed an arrangement fraught with wrong, injustice, and evil, became through the operation of a small band of Puritans, the instrument of incalculable good not only to America but to the world.

In 1617, a deputation of the Pilgrims went to England for the purpose of obtaining from the Virginia Company, which had obtained and partly used, a grant somewhat similar to that just described, a concession allowing them to live as a distinct body in the more northern portion of the province. The messengers failed, however, to get a direct agreement. They then besought the King to grant them liberty of religion under his broad seal, but in this they also failed. King James admitted that their proposed avocation—that of fishermen—was a good and apostolic one, but he was not inclined to concede unnecessary rights or immunities. All, therefore, that could be then obtained in England was a tacit understanding that they would not be interfered with, and with this, and this alone, they set sail.

It may interest our readers to describe the financial arrangements under which the Pilgrims started. As may well be conceived, they had no spare capital. American fisheries, however, were just then a favourite form of enterprise, and London merchants were found ready to advance money for the equipment of the company. Each emigrant's services were valued at 10*l.*, and formed part of the capital stock. All profits were to be reserved until the end of seven years, when the whole amount, and all houses and land, gardens and fields, were to be divided among the shareholders according to their respective interests. This was, of course, a very one-sided arrangement, but it is no novel thing, even in modern times, for schemes of emigration to be projected by capitalists in which the lion's share of any advantage that may accrue will fall to the lot of the wealthy drones. Although, therefore, the London speculator who risked 100*l.* would receive ten times more than the man who gave up his life and energies to the undertaking, the absence of any restriction upon civil rights or upon religion was held to counterbalance that drawback. For, as Robinson said,

"We are well weaned from the delicate milk of the mother country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange land: the people are industrious and frugal. It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage."

So on the 22nd of July the Pilgrim Fathers started from Delft Haven. It was a solemn and affecting time. Two vessels, the largest being the *Mayflower*, a brig of 180 tons burthen, the other the *Speedwell*, had been chartered to convey the emigrants. We are told that before they

started the brethren that stayed at Leyden, with the brave Robinson at their head, after much praying and feasting, let their compatriots go. There was much psalmody and more weeping as these companions in exile separated. They had already fasted, and with "strong strivings of the Spirit besought guidance from the Lord." Then came the farewell words of Robinson, words so full of lofty aspiration and independent thought, that we make no apology for giving them here:—

"I charge you before God and His blessed angels that you follow me no farther than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his Holy Word. I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed Churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their reformation. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrate not into the whole counsel of God. I beseech you remember it; 'tis an article of your Church covenant, that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written Word of God."

Thus solemnly admonished, the Pilgrims set their faces westward. Twice they have to put back. Both times it is the smaller vessel, the *Speedwell*, that causes the delay. At last the captain of that ship, far too small for the wintry navigation of those storm-swept seas, confesses himself discouraged by the enterprise, asserts that his vessel is unfit for the work assigned her, and abandons the expedition. Alone, therefore, the *Mayflower*, after a brief detention at Plymouth, ventures across the ocean. One hundred passengers are aboard her, of whom forty are men, the rest are women and children. We have no ample record of the voyage, or of the incidents which marked it. Imagination may picture as it likes the experiences of the Pilgrims while at sea. From the 6th of September to the 9th November, they were out of sight of land. The Atlantic is bad enough at all seasons, but during the early months of winter it is especially tempestuous. Familiarity, in these days, deprives the sea of half its terrors. The arts of modern navigation, and the skill of naval architects, have made ocean travel far less perilous and irksome than it used to be. But in the year 1620 seamanship was yet in its infancy. Barely a century had the magnetic needle tempted mariners into mid-ocean. That great western ocean track which now is thronged by racing steamships and flying clippers was then un-

mapped and unfollowed. The *Mayflower*, possibly, might be the only vessel afloat at the time between the two continents. Fancy may well conjure up sleepless nights and weary days passed by those storm-tost voyagers. But their brave hearts welcomed the bitter trial as a test of their endurance and a new baptism of their faith. The prize they sought was worth far more than a few months of mere fleshly affliction.

At daybreak of the 9th November the hopes of the Pilgrims were gratified. The first English colonists, the first citizens of New England, they beheld for the first time the land of their choice. Bleak and cheerless as the sandy dunes of Cape Cod now seem to the visitor, they were to the strangers what the Judean heights were to the Israelites. They pronounced the country before them to be "a goodly land and wooded to the brink of the sea," and said "it caused us to rejoice together and praise God that had given us again to see land." Under all circumstances they never forgot their profession or their God. We can easily understand how fresh and pleasant even the bleakest shore would seem to their searworn minds. The first glimpse of land after a long voyage is ever a kind of ecstasy; how peculiarly so to people who saw in it a spiritual asylum as well as an earthly home.

It had been the Pilgrims' purpose to settle in Virginia, and they desired to reach the Hudson, where New York now stands. But foul winds drove the *Mayflower* northward, and the land they first made was on the coast of Massachusetts. An attempt to beat south was foiled by adverse winds and perilous shoals, so putting back, the brig at last cast anchor in what is now called Provincetown harbour. They were enchanted with this haven, "compassed about to the very sea with oaks, pines, juniper, sassafras, and other sweet wood," where a thousand sail of ships might safely ride. God had willed that not in the softer and more relaxing regions of the south, but amidst the rocky hills of New England, where land and climate alike vied to brace man's energies and evoke his powers, the pioneers of religious liberty and the founders of a new state, should make their home. And no sooner had the anchor fallen and the sails been furled, then the whole company fell down upon their knees and solemnly blessed Him whose providence had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and asked for light to guide them in the weighty questions now waiting to be

decided. Before any of them landed the following solemn compact was entered into, and it is the corner-stone of the American union:—

"In the name of God, Amen! We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign Lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c., having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honour of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue whereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and officers, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony. Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

This brief, simple, but remarkable document was signed by the forty-one men who constituted the whole colony, and the time has now come when the names and positions of these fathers may be properly set forth.

First stands John Carver, unanimously chosen governor, a man between fifty and sixty as to age, a pious and well approved gentleman as to character. This humble-minded and self-sacrificing leader only lived five months after landing. His wife Elizabeth died soon after.

Then comes William Brewster, the ruling elder of this community, the friend and companion of Robinson, and the oldest man of the company. He had mixed in his earlier years amongst courts and cabinets, and suffered many trials for the truth's sake. He was not regarded as a pastor, although he preached "powerfully and profitably" twice every Sabbath. He is said to have had a singularly good gift in prayer, and like a wise man approved of short prayers in public, because, as he said, "the spirit and heart of all, especially the weak, could hardly continue and so long stand bent as it were toward God as they ought to do in that duty, without flagging and falling off." This wise teacher and learned man, who was moreover of a very cheerful nature withal, died in 1644 at the age of 80 years.

William Bradford was foremost among the younger men. He joined the Pilgrims when eighteen, and was chosen governor in Carver's place when only thirty years

old. He could speak six languages, and was altogether a first-class man, being described as the "Washington" of the colony. To his History and other written records we are indebted for much of the knowledge we have concerning the "plantation" over which he ruled by common consent for eighteen years.

Edward Winslow is another notable character. He was of gentle birth and an accomplished scholar; the second richest man of the party, and the happy husband of a worthy wife, he had, though only twenty-five, great influence over his compatriots. His sound judgment, pleasant address, and inflexible uprightness, fitted him for the many diplomatic missions he successfully undertook. He died at sea when in the service of Cromwell, at the age of sixty. His portrait, the only one extant of any Pilgrim, represents a polished Christian gentleman: no crop-haired Roundhead, or lean and sour-looking ascetic, but one who might well be what he was called, a man "whose life was sweet and conversation just."

Isaac Allerton was a middle-aged man and the father of a family; the merchant of the company, and an extensive speculator in after years.

Then comes Miles Standish, the hero of Longfellow's hexameters. This stout-hearted soldier was thirty-six years of age, and sprung from an old and distinguished family. There are stories of his having been heir to a large property wrongfully withheld from him. Though small of stature he was mighty in battle, and by no means the weak Christian that many of his compeers would have had him to be. Indeed he was never member of any Christian church. A sampler worked by his daughter is still one of the prized relics of Plymouth. He lived to be seventy-two, and was a tower of strength to the settlement.

Samuel Fuller was a popular physician, as well as a godly man. Though he left his wife to follow him, he brought his cradle with him, and in it was rocked on board the *Mayflower*, Peregrine White, the first infant Pilgrim.

John Alden's name and memory have also been celebrated by the Poet. Although engaged as a cooper, his strong sound sense and many sterling qualities, made him a man of mark, and he often acted as "assistant" to successive governors. Twenty-two when he arrived in New England, he did not leave it until death took him at the age of eighty-four. He married Priscilla Mullins, whose name

has also been immortalized by romance, for she refused the hand of Captain Miles Standish, preferring the humbler attractions and more solid qualities of her younger admirer.

Of the Pilgrim Mothers, something may also be said, for there were amongst them many true and noble-hearted women. At least eighteen of the men had their wives with them. Many of them are pre-eminently mentioned in the public records of the colony. *Mary Brewster*, *Rose Standish*, and *Elizabeth Winslow* are familiar figures in the gallery of New England worthies. Some of the girls, too, are distinguished by tradition, and all of them have left descendants by whom their memories are revered. Several attained to great age, and length of years is still a peculiarity of life in these states. *Elizabeth Howland* died at eighty-one; *Mary Cushman* lived to be ninety, and resided seventy-nine years in the country; *Mary Chilton* was at least seventy when she died, and *Constance Hopkins* was old. Brave creatures were these staunch women, who neither quailed before the tempest nor fled before the savage, nor shrunk from the wilderness. Worthy sharers were they of the Pilgrims' pains and toils. As Englishmen we ought to be proud of these mothers and daughters, so patient under privation, so enduring amidst bitter trial. They were the forerunners of that vast multitude of no less stout-hearted women, who ever since, and especially during these later days, have gone forth into the desert and the lonely places, with their husbands, their fathers, or their brothers, cheerfully casting aside so much that woman especially prizes — home comforts, sweet domestic enjoyments, freedom from fear or peril; and amidst discomforts, difficulties, and sacrifices, whereof home-living people have no adequate conception, have helped most potentially to build up on the firm basis of family relationships, our great Colonial empire.

The Pilgrim Fathers who had thus bound themselves by solemn compact to advance God's faith in a new world, comprised forty-three men, seven young servant men, eighteen married women, four spinsters, twenty-three small boys and lads, and seven girls; making in all a company of 102 souls. It is a mistake to suppose that the self-exiled Puritans were men of a low order or an ascetic turn of mind. Many of them, as we have seen, were highly educated, of great ability, of good birth, and of cheerful temperament, such men as would be welcomed by any people,

and carve out for themselves anywhere a high career.

Now that they have fairly reached their destination, let us look at the prospect before them. In these days when men emigrate, they know where they are going to and in a general way what to expect. Emigration agents instruct them as to their movements; guide-books tell them all that print can tell concerning the land they are to inhabit; they find on their arrival men akin in colour and nationality already resident there. To some extent at least the ground is broken up. But in 1620 the first English colonist enjoyed none of these advantages. The land before them, for aught they knew, might never have been trodden by a white man. It might be stricken with disease, or barbarized by brutal men; its soil might be unfruitful and its climate fatal. Winter's bitterness was already being felt. Not an inn, nor a roof, nor any token of shelter could be seen there. Ignorant of the land, ignorant of its people, full of vague imaginative stories about the wildness and ferocity both of men and beasts there, weary and cold and cheerless, they began their work of colonization.

The first day after the anchor fell was devoted to the compact. The following day was Sunday, and though the need for action was excessive, the sanctity of the Sabbath in their eyes was greater. Under all circumstances, even when beset by Indians and threatened with starvation, the Pilgrims observed the Lord's day to keep it holy.

On Monday the shallop, a large boat intended for exploratory purposes, is drawn ashore. The people landed in order to refresh themselves, to snuff once more the pleasant fragrance of the woods and feel beneath them the solid earth, albeit of another world. The women, both young and old, dedicated the day to washing, and to this hour Monday is the favourite washing day in New England. All joined in this work, although the weather was severe and the toil was great; the woman of gentle nurture equally with her of humbler birth, took part in the household duties of a community in which rank had no place. Modern colonists who find so much in those far southern lands to surprise and interest them, can well conceive how full of novel experience and incident these early days were. The sea-birds which floated carelessly by in the smooth waters of the bay; the whales that came plunging in fearless ignorance of their new oppressor around the ship; the "great

mussels, very fat and full of sea-pearl," which caused grievous sickness to all who ate them; the strange foliage of the trees along the shore, that is of such of them as winter had not left leafless, all charmed by their novelty the strangers. Seventeen days of precious time were lost in repairing the shallop. Miles Standish, however, with a soldier's impatience of delay, set forth with sixteen chosen men on an exploring expedition. This party had an eventful and exciting time. They were well armed, and provisioned for two days with biscuits and Holland cheese; nor was "a little bottle of *aqua viæ*" — a decent euphemism for brandy, forgotten, in order, as they simply said, that they might "give strong drink to him that is ready to perish." They met a few Indians, who fled before the pale-faced intruders. At night they built of stakes, a three-sided hut where a fire was kept burning, with sentinels on the watch. On the following day when it snowed and blew severely they found nothing but some deserted wigwams and baskets of corn, a quantity of which they carried away for purposes of seed, and with the full intention of making the owners "large satisfaction" for what they took — a promise fulfilled about eight months afterwards. The large size of the ears of maize astonished and pleased the Pilgrims, and the adventures narrated by these explorers after their return helped to beguile the time spent in repairing the shallop.

On Dec. 4th, the first burial took place. Constant wading in the water, and free exposure to the weather, had bred many coughs and colds, from the effects of which several of the sufferers never recovered. Shortly after, the shallop leaves on its third exploring expedition. The water was smooth but intensely cold, so much so that the spray soon made their clothes "like coats of iron." Nothing noteworthy happened until midnight of the 7th of December, when a "great and hideous cry" being heard, the sentinel called out "to arms," and two guns were fired off. The noise however was but the howling of wolves and foxes. "After prayers," next morning, "a great and strong cry was heard." One came running in shouting "Indians! Indians!" and a flight of arrows from thirty or forty of these people fell amongst them. The scattered explorers fly to their guns. Standish fires at one large Indian behind a tree, and his shot, being as they said "directed by the provident hand of the Most High God," hit him in the right arm, which was in the act of

drawing an arrow from the quiver. This supposed chief being wounded, an "extraordinary shriek" arose from the rest, and they fled; Standish and his men in hot pursuit. This was the first of the very few encounters the Pilgrims had with the natives.

In the afternoon, while they were still sailing along the coast, a storm of snow and rain came on, and the gale lashed the sea into breakers. At this moment the rudder of the frail boat gets smashed, and they are obliged to steer her with two oars. Night was at hand, and they pressed on all sail for the harbour. While making for the bay the mast split in three places, and shipwreck seemed certain. The pilot to whom they trusted for guidance at this juncture cried out "Lord be merciful! I never saw this place before," and was about to beach the shallop through a terrible surf when one of the steersmen calls out, "About with you if you are men, or we are all cast away!" Obedient to the call the rowers bend to their work with eager energy, and at last get under the lee of a small hill at the end of Clark's Island, where wet, cold, and feeble, in momentary fear of savages, they all pass a miserable night. The next day was Sunday, and again the boat was drawn up, all needless signs of secular toil were removed, and the explorers rested from their labours, worshipping God under the noble arches of the forest. The day after, they passed over to the mainland. The locality seemed suitable for settlement. Five days later the *Mayflower* was anchored in the harbour and all the Pilgrims had landed on the now famous rock of New Plymouth. A momentous incident was that in the history of the world. It was the birth of a great Republic. Painters have lived in representing the scene. Historians have striven eloquently to trace out the mighty and remote issues from it. Poets have celebrated the event in sweetest verse. Nor are the least beautiful of the many verses that have been inspired by the theme those of our own tuneful country-woman, Mrs. Hemans, beginning —

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tost."

During the eight days' absence of the explorers, death had been busy amongst the Pilgrims left behind in the *Mayflower*. Governor Carver lost a son. Mrs. Bradford fell overboard and was drowned. James Chilton and William Thompson,

thus early in their career, rested from their labours.

Space will not allow us to follow minutely the subsequent doings of the colonists. Once landed, their first solicitude was to provide shelter for themselves during the rest of winter. Although the prospect was drear enough they were very cheerful. From first to last we read of no repining. They look at all things happily. The harbour seems to them "a most hopeful place," with "innumerable store of fowl" and "most excellent good fish." They find many small running brooks of very sweet water. The soil is a spade's depth of fine black mould, and "fat in some places." In the forest are more trees than they can name. Many kinds of herbs are warmly welcomed by the housewives. Among other discovered resources are "great store of leeks and onions, an excellent strong kind of flax and hemp; great store of soft stone and pot clay."

Recourse was had to the directing power of prayer before the site of the proposed town could be decided on. After this "appeal to Divine Providence" had been made, a spot was chosen on high ground where much land was already cleared, where a very sweet brook flowed down the hill-side, where a good harbour for the shallop existed at the bottom, and where they could plant their guns so as to command all the neighbourhood. Had the pilgrims been a party of pioneer Boer farmers, in South Africa, they would for just the same reasons have selected such a situation.

More than a month elapsed before a building was fit to be occupied on shore. The first erected was the "common house," where all met for worship, and where the men met for business. Like all the buildings erected there for several years this edifice was built of hewn logs, the interstices being filled with clay. The township was to consist in the main of a street. Nineteen family lots, each being reckoned to represent five souls, were to be laid out on either side. In the centre a fort was constructed, and the whole was surrounded by a palisading. But months elapsed before any of the dwelling houses were ready, and only seven were finished during the first year. Sickness paralyzed the strong arms, and subverted the stronger wills of many of the colonists. Their constant exposure to all the rigours of an inclement season produced violent coughs, consumptive and rheumatic complaints. Insufficient food did not help to mend matters. Up to the end of the year the

men and women had drunk beer in accordance with the common usage of those times, but the supplies of that beverage ran low, and water soon became their only drink. Eight died in January; seventeen in February; fourteen in March. Bradford says of this period of trial and bereavement —

"In three months past die half our company — the greater part in the depth of winter — wanting houses and other comforts; being infected with the scurvy and other diseases, which their long voyage and uncomfortable condition brought upon them. Of a hundred scarce fifty remain, the living scarce able to bury their dead; the well not sufficient to attend the sick, there being in time of greatest distress but six or seven, who spare no pains to help them. The like sickness fell among the sailors, so as almost half their number die before they sail."

No wonder therefore that houses were not built, nor fields planted, while death thus unsparringly did its work. The wonder is that the strong hearts of the survivors bore up against such crushing trials, and that they did not turn their backs upon a shore where they had, it is true, found freedom, but found it at so terrible a cost.

To many English colonists in these modern days the earlier experiences of the Pilgrims would seem lifelike and familiar. Those first years were a time of toil, privation, and struggle, of such struggles as happily can rarely fall to the lot of English immigrants in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Provisions fast got scarce, and at last were all exhausted. Not long before their advent a pestilence had swept the country occupied by the Pilgrims, and left it shorn of aboriginal inhabitants. Prevented by sickness from sowing at the proper seedtime, when the next winter came the stocks of food brought from Europe were consumed, and few fresh supplies were forth-coming. Not that the surviving immigrants had been idle. Instructed by the Indians they had planted their fields with the strange seeds of the maize plant. Savage agriculturists consult the laws of nature even more exactly than do our own farmers. In South Africa the natives know it is time to sow when the scarlet blossoms of the Kafir Boom tree exhibit their vermilion splendour. In North America the Indians planted their corn "when the leaves of the white oak were as big as the ears of a mouse." Thus in both hemispheres we find barbarous races, ignorant of books, scholarship, and science, guided in their agrarian avocations by the infallible teach-

ings of nature. During that first spring twenty acres of corn, and six acres of barley and peas were planted; the first yielded well, the latter produced little, as the sun scorched them in their blossom. These fields had been enriched, Indian fashion, by putting a fish called "alewife" into the ground. Crude as this idea might be, later colonists might not scorn to learn from these pioneers this simple lesson in the art, and this practical recognition of the value of artificial fertilization. Where broad acres are abundant and easily gotten, the importance of that prosaic item — manure, is apt to be overlooked.

Exactly a year after they themselves had sighted land a small vessel, the *Fortune*, brought over an addition of about thirty-five souls to the little settlement. When the craft appeared, making boldly for the harbour, the small battery was manned, the emigrants rushed to their arms, and every preparation was made to resist to the death any trespass on the part of their seeming aggressors. Imagine the revulsion of joy which swept the bosoms of the Pilgrims on finding that their apprehended foes were old friends and beloved relatives. This unlooked for joy had its darker side, however, for it compelled them to live on half allowance for at least six months. Winslow says he saw "men stagger, by reason of faintness for want of food." Once starvation would have extinguished the community had not the timely arrival of friendly fishermen saved them. For years they were subject to times of scarcity. In their third year of residence their food was once so low that "they knew not at night where to have a bit in the morning." History records a tale that on one occasion the Pilgrims gathered round a pint of corn — the only food they had — and that "five kernels" fell to the lot of each person. Nor is this story an exaggeration. For some months they were wholly destitute of corn. When their Indian friends joined them, a bit of fish and a cup of spring water were all that their hospitable hands could offer. Cattle were not introduced until the settlement was three years old.

This dearth of food may in part be accounted for by the system of common property recognized at the outset. When they left home, each of the emigrants, no matter what his station or what his possessions, gave up his individuality as a proprietor, and threw all he had into the common treasury. No man had property of his own, except as an integral part of

the society. No man worked for himself save in so far as he represented the community.

It is a result by which our modern colonists may well be instructed, that this system led to "grievous discontents" and to great evils. There was a lack of that strong direct interest which personal property and personal advantage alone create. There were undoubtedly men amongst that band who would work as heartily for the whole as they would for themselves. But there were others who wanted a stronger impulse to effort and to labour than the observance of such an unselfish principle supplied. At any rate it is enough to know that from the spring of 1623 when it was agreed that each family should work for itself, and when land was parcelled out accordingly, no want of food was felt; "that even women and children went into the fields to work;" that cultivated lands spread and flocks multiplied, and that soon the supply of corn was so great that the Indians abandoned tillage and betook themselves entirely to hunting, depending for their supplies of corn upon their European friends and neighbours.

No fact is more remarkable in the early history of the New England States than the peaceful relations which for more than fifty years were maintained, with scarce a break, between the colonists and the Indians. On the morning of March 16 a tall, straight, dusky man, of lofty bearing and manly speech, marched confidently into the village and called out "Welcome, Englishmen." This was Samoset, a Sagamore living near the Penobscot, and at that time a visitor with the neighbouring Massasoit. His reception was as hearty as his welcome had been frank. They fed him with biscuits, butter, and pudding, nor did these stern moral Puritans, in days when teetotalism was unknown though temperance might be practised, shrink from seasoning this repast with strong water. This friendly visit was the forerunner of an early interview with the chief Massanoit, the nearest and most important Sagamore. This excellent savage was anxious to secure the alliance of the new-comers as an additional safeguard against the pretensions of his powerful foes the Narragansetts. But though self-interest might have much to do with his friendliness, it is but just to say that he was ever the staunch and tried ally of the Pilgrim Fathers. At the conference between him and the chief elders held on the 22nd of March, the following articles of

treaty were solemnly concluded and as faithfully observed through after years:—

"1. That neither he nor any of his should injure or do hurt to any of our people.

"2. That if any of his did hurt to any of ours, he should send the offender that we might punish him.

"3. That if any of our tools were taken away when our people were at work, he should cause them to be restored, and if ours did harm to any of his, we would do the like to him.

"4. If any did unjustly war against him, we would aid him: if any did war against us, he should aid us.

"5. He should send to his neighbour confederates to certify them of this, that they might not wrong us, but might likewise be comprised in the conditions of peace.

"6. That when their men came to us, they should leave their bows and arrows behind them, as we should our pieces when we came to them.

"7. That doing this, King James would esteem of him as his friend and ally."

This treaty was renewed in 1639 and again in 1662. While Massasoit lived it was never broken. His successor, Philip, broke it in 1675, when other influences came into play; but for fifty years it was observed to the letter. Only once, in 1622, had the Pilgrims of New Plymouth real reason to fear mischief from the Indians. Canonieus, Sachem of the Narragansetts, during that year sent a bundle of arrows tied up in the skin of a rattlesnake, as a pledge of his hostility. Governor Bradford sent it back filled with powder and shot, and the Indian chief shrank from an encounter with the possessors of missiles so terrible. In 1657 the only "Indian war" deserving of the name that marked the early history of the settlements, took place in another and more western New England State. The Pequods, one of the most warlike and numerous tribes in that country, had long shown a hostile spirit towards the English. In 1637, after a succession of murders had aroused the anger and called for the retaliation of the peaceably disposed settlers, these people sought to league together the Narragansetts, the Mohegans, and other powerful nations against the European colonists, and to seek by a predatory and murderous system of warfare to drive them into the sea. Through the intrepid interference of one Roger Williams, the noblest-hearted apostle of liberty America ever saw, the alliance was prevented. The Pequods were therefore left single-handed to carry out their project. They numbered at least seven hundred warriors, and the

colonists of Connecticut could with difficulty muster two hundred fighting men. Still repeated acts of bloodshed and aggression could no longer be borne with impunity, and an expedition was planned. Immediate war was decreed. A whole night was passed in earnest prayer, in which the departing patriots took part. The little army consisted of eighty men under the command of one John Mason, who received the benediction of the venerable pastor before he started. It is characteristic of the age and the men, that when once their minds were bent on war — when once they felt that "the Lord," the God of Battles, was with them, they went to their work with a stern resolve to smite their enemies hip and thigh. No temporizing work was this they entered on; no patched-up peace were they prepared to make. After a day's sailing through the deep reaches of that indented coast, they rested over the Sabbath; nor life nor death was suffered to disturb the sanctity of that day. Their Narragansett allies mistrusted the capacity of that small band to deal with such a foe, and retired from any active share in the undertaking. The Pequods, elated with hopes of certain triumph, sang their war songs in the ears of their invaders. They were ensconced in a fortified place, from whence their bows and arrows, never yet drawn vainly, were to mow down the ranks of the rash aggressors. Two hours before dawn the attack was made. We can well imagine how these men who had braved the mysterious sea and borne unheard-of sacrifices for liberty's sake, would buckle up their energies to a deadly combat. They knew that if they failed savage vengeance would await their helpless families. Awoke by the baying of a dog the Indians rush to their feet and let fly their arrows at the palefaces. But it was useless; step by step these iron-hearted men pushed on. There guns dealt death out pitilessly. Still the number and arrangement of the wigwams made the task of conquest slow and difficult. "We must burn them out!" cried the leader, and he threw a firebrand into one. The English formed a chain round the place, and in a few minutes the whole settlement was ablaze. Thus embarrassed and beset, the Indians were shot down easily; none were spared. As the Israelites slew the Amalekites, so did the Pilgrims slay the Pequods. In an hour six hundred of them had perished and only two Englishmen had fallen. When morning dawned three hundred more warriors came confidently up from the other fort; aghast at the

scene of carnage which met their astonished eyes, they tore their hair and beat the ground; they, too, were swept down. Before many days were over not a man, woman, or child of that Pequod tribe was left behind!

The civil government of the settlement was simple enough. It was self-created: Although the colony existed nominally by virtue of a royal charter granted to the English Company, its being and its organization were equally the work of the settlers. The very immensity of the concessions made to the grantees in England caused them to be neglected. Like all things acquired too cheaply, the gift was little valued. Moreover, an ocean rolled between the drones at home and the busy bees beyond the Atlantic. So the Pilgrims were left to their own contrivings. The charter became a dead letter, and, in course of time, the English Company was bought out. These, too, were stirring times in Europe. King and Parliament had other work on hand nearer home, than the petty affairs of an obscure band of fugitives. It was another of the happy chances that favoured the Pilgrims from the outset of their enterprise, that no foreign interference — no imperial supervision — marred the natural growth of the edifice it was their mission to build. Amidst neglect and obscurity, stone by stone they reared the foundations of that vast Republic, and, unseen by the Old World, laid deep, and firm, and wide the roots of civil and religious liberty.

Universal suffrage has prevailed in New England from the earliest days. Every "brother" had a vote. For eighteen years the whole body of male inhabitants constituted the legislature. A governor was chosen by the common voice, and, after a year or two, seven "assistants" were appointed to help him. At first the people, in conclave assembled, determined all questions of civil polity and decided all judicial causes. As there were only 300 souls in the colony at the end of ten years, it was long before the growth of population rendered this system inconvenient. Gradually, however, a different arrangement became necessary. In 1629 two hundred new settlers from England, under a new charter from King Charles, arrived at Salem. The year after that 1500 souls were taken over, many of whom were men of great attainments, good birth, large fortune, and high scholarship — men whose steps were led westward solely by a yearning for greater purity of faith and freer exercise of conscience. Settlements were

soon formed at Weymouth, at Rhode Island, at Newhaven, and at many other spots familiar enough to persons acquainted with the States of Massachusetts, Maine, and Connecticut. Although originally there was no limit set to the tenancy of the governor's office, it came at last to be the subject of annual election. Before long it was found impossible for the whole body of the people to undertake the administration of justice and the work of government. Representatives had to be appointed, deputies selected, and thus slowly and without effort, as the plant grows from the seed, the form and machinery of an Executive, under the sole control of an elective legislature, came into being.

But whatever numbers were added unto them, whatever changes in their form of government were introduced, the grand central principle was never forgotten or abandoned. Religion was the beginning and the end of their labours. Those fervent Calvinists sought to establish a theocracy, a state in which the simple laws of God, as set forth in His Word, should be the only rule of action. From the outset, all possibility of priestly rule was guarded against. The elect — God's chosen people — who had felt by experience the power and presence of the Triune Deity in their hearts, were the ordained and divinely appointed rulers of the land. Finding themselves at last in a country where they could give fullest effect and form to their idea of a covenanted people, they made this religion of theirs the all-pervading principle of their public and private life. Nothing was done without prayer. God's help was sought in everything. Men's conduct was judged by, and rigidly conformed to Biblical standards. Not that the Pilgrims were an over-grim or a morose people. They held life as God's good gift, and enjoyed it in their own fashion accordingly. They had their rejoicings and their merry-makings, nor, to their ardent and naturally devout natures, were the offices and obligations of religion irksome or oppressive.

Some of the primitive customs and quaint conceits of these old colonists are well worthy of notice. They were amazingly fond of turning anagrams, and that too on the most solemn subjects. They made prayer a study, and may be said to have reduced it to a system, if not a science. They were a very moral and sweet-lived people. One old writer who says he is held "a very sociable man," thanks God that he has lived for twelve

years in a colony of many thousand English without having heard one oath sworn, or seen one man drunk, nor in that period did he hear of more than three people guilty of grosser delinquencies. It was said that "as Ireland will not brook venomous beasts, so will not that land vile persons or loose livers." Much of this singular morality was probably due to the zealous labours of the many able ministers who left their comfortable livings or their scholarly seclusions in Europe in order to breathe freer air and to do better work in God's vineyard over the Atlantic. Of these "shining lights" let us name the apostolic Eliot, who for forty-four years went about praying and preaching like a second Paul, amongst and for the benefit of the Indian gentiles; the impassioned Norton, who was not only a fervent preacher, but a learned student and a wise statesman; the devout and meek Cotton, to whose tenacious Calvinism the colony owed much of its coherence and strength; the young and eloquent Davenport, who was said to be "old when young, such was his gravity of behaviour; and young when old, such was the quickness of his endowments;" and many other illustrious worthies, whose names are cherished as household words by the hearths and in the homes of their descendants.

In 1636 Sir Henry Vane visited the colony, and was made governor. His assumption of this office excited the attention of other English nobles, and an effort was made to secure for them hereditary power and dignity in the new country. Happily for democratic institutions in America, this attempt was subverted, and in 1643 the several colonies of England bound themselves together by a federal union for common protection against the encroachments of the Dutch in the south and the French in the north; for security against the tribes of savages around, and for the preservation of the "liberties of the gospel in purity and peace."

And here we may bring this slight historical sketch to a close. It may however be well to notice a few points wherein as it seems to us, British colonists of these later days may find light to guide them.

The Pilgrim Father's were conspicuous above all for their love of *abstract* liberty. That was the grand impulse which moved them westward. They saw at home a fettered Church and a tongue-tied nation. They saw in America a free church and a free people. They felt at home bound to rules of action against which their consciences revolted, and dogged at every

turn by the barriers of prescription or the mandates of the despot. They knew that in that far western land conscience would spurn all bonds, and action might defy all noxious rules. So, guided by that presiding Power which "shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will," they went forth charged with the special purpose of holding fast the right they had so dearly won. It should be marked, however, that their liberty was well ordered and wisely measured. They sought no vain license; they wanted no exemption from social or domestic obligations. They styled themselves a free community in the solemn covenant of God, and to their honour be it said, that no covenant was ever better held than that. Sin, as we have seen, they punished; immorality was scouted from their midst and made the subject of pains and penalties such as in these days no European society, however much priest-bound or king-oppressed, would tolerate. They had come forth to win liberty, but it was liberty to associate themselves under such a form of government, such rules of society, as might most conduce to their spiritual welfare and the honour of the Most High God. How many of England's later colonists can say as could those first expatriated exiles, that in gaining freedom they had gained also in morality, in social purity, and in Christian organization! How many of them can say that they left home not to advance their fortunes, not to make money or to better their position socially, but to advance "the faith as it has been delivered unto them," and in deed as well as in word to do honour to king and country.

These early settlers were also remarkable for their just dealings with the natives. Although sorely tempted by opportunity and by provocations, the Pilgrims never swerved from their original intention "to prosecute the hopeful work which tendeth to the reducing and conversion of such savages as remain wandering in desolation and distress to civil society and Christian religion." One of their weightiest reasons for emigrating, as set forth by Governor Bradford, was that they were "stirred by an inward zeal and great hope of laying some foundation or making way for propagating the kingdom of Christ, to the remote ends of the earth." The original seal of the Massachusetts colony bore the figure of an American Indian, with the motto "Come over and help us." From the first they approached the Indians in the friendliest manner. They cared neither to despoil nor to oppress the native

dwellers on the soil. They paid scrupulously for whatever they took from the Indians. Some of their noblest hearted ministers gave up their lives to the work of converting and reclaiming these wandering races. Whatever treaties or engagements they entered into were rigidly observed. They taught the Indians the value of an Englishman's word, the worth of an Englishman's friendship, and they have left to all other Englishmen who may essay to colonize lands already occupied by barbarians, a singular proof how wise is a just, conciliatory, and pacific policy in dealing with savage races.

Not less were the Pilgrims notable for fixity of purpose. They had won by dint of great sacrifices the precious boon of liberty, and they were resolved to hold it. Calvinists in religion, they were determined that Calvinism should be the dominant faith of their community. Charges of intolerance have often been brought against these people. It is said that they were as bad as their oppressors; it is said that they were as bitterly opposed to those who differed from them, and as unscrupulous in compelling conformity, and punishing dissent, as the prelate tyrants from whose reach they had fled. We do not deny that in these charges there is a large measure of justice and many grains of truth. The Pilgrims did not hesitate to put down and to punish clamorous dissenters. Against the Quakers they were particularly bitter. Four of that then proscribed but ever irrepressible sect were hanged; many were publicly whipped; several were banished. Some of their laws to the modern temper seem simply horrible in their intolerance and severity. In these days no one could venture to extenuate such acts of cruelty, but it must be remembered that the Pilgrims were born and bred and lived in an age when such things were the common occurrences of life. Men then suffered in all countries for religion's sake. To estimate these events rightly we should try to place ourselves in the times and amongst the scenes where they happened. The Pilgrims, good people though they might be and were, could not boast any supernatural exemption from the infirmities of human nature or the effects of association. Moreover, we can never forget that in their small community disunion would have been ruin. Had they in those early years of struggle and difficulty been split into factions and divided by religious differences, there is every reason to believe that the colonies would have been broken

up and the commonwealth have ceased to be. The leaders of the party felt that their existence and their liberties depended upon their unity and cohesion, and treated all strife-makers and mischief-mongers as traitors to the common weal. Nor must we omit to state, that at a time when thousands of victims were being put to death in Great Britain and in Europe on charges of sectarianism or witchcraft, the number so dealt with in Massachusetts was singularly small, and that State was the first civilized government to abolish capital punishment for offences of that character.

Lastly, and the lesson is one which may have its value for all of us, the Pilgrims were under all circumstances contented,—contented with their lot—contented with the land of their adoption. We know that that lot was one of starvation, hunger, cold, and peril. We know that the land they went to occupy was a land of bleak solitudes, angry gales, and homeless wastes. Not one familiar beast grazed upon the hills, nor one friendly face waited for them upon the shore. But it was the land they had chosen to abide in, and however hardly nature treated them, however sorely their faith was tried, they never once repined. Seasons might be perplexing, crops might fail, supplies run short, but their confidence in the future never flagged, nor did their affection for the new soil fail. Strong within them stirred the hope of a grand future; bright before their eyes ever grew the vision of the nation that was to be. Their loyal hearts, true amidst all changes to their motherland, saw in the distance arising a new England full of the old one's virtues, yet freed from her faults; an England larger, wider, nobler in all senses, than the one they had left, but yet a part of the parent nation, sharing in her glory and still bearing her name.

It is to this spirit of contentedness, to this unalterable belief in the future of America, unshaken through the shocks of so many ages, that that great Republic owes its present grandeur. Against such a sentiment, deeply rooted in the hearts of a colonial people, nothing adverse can contend. It has worked wonders in America exceeding all that history has described or imagination pictured. These Pilgrim Fathers have bequeathed to their descendants of whom many families number more than a thousand souls, not merely such a Republic as the world has never seen elsewhere, but a spirit of energy and of resoluteness that has worked

on steadily for empire. That spirit has little by little carried the Anglo-Saxon race onward from the Atlantic to the Pacific; it has hewn down those interminable backwoods, it has covered with cornfields those boundless prairies; it has crowded rivers with racing steamboats, and spread over a continent larger than Europe a network of railways. It has delved into the mountains and brought to light their treasures, it has sent abroad to all the ends of the earth the white-sailed messengers of American commerce; it has within the space of a quarter of a century made California first the treasury, and then the garden of the world; and it has now bound the ancient East and the younger West by steamships which traverse the vast Pacific from Australia to Japan, and by a railroad which brings without a break to New York, the people and the products of San Francisco.

But beyond any of these material conquests, the spirit of the Pilgrims has been

a resistless moral power in the history of that western world. It has given birth to new forms of thought, new expressions of speech, new principles of philosophy, new maxims and examples of social economy, new phases of domestic life. It has completed the only perfect example of a State where freedom, equality, and opportunity, are the common heritage of all. It has established a government so strong that no European power dare lightly rouse its antagonism, while the mother country, overshadowed by this her eldest daughter, shrinks from a rupture with that people as from the direst calamity that could befall her. It has proved equal to the task of carrying on to its final and fore-determined issue the mightiest civil war of which history tells, and it has stamped out the curse of slavery from its soil at incredible sacrifices and with inflexible will. Such is the fruit borne by the lives and labours of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Of all the great men who have lived in former days, Goethe is, perhaps, the man to whose purpose in life least justice has been done. This, too, is the more remarkable, considering the abundance of materials that there are for forming a just opinion of him. Consider what a grand thing it would be for mankind if Goethe's religious devotion to self-culture were adopted by many minds. No careful observer of human nature would find any mind, however commonplace it may be called, otherwise than interesting. But a mind that is devoted to self-culture can hardly fail of being interesting to every one who approaches it. Society would receive a new impulse if men in general cared more for self-culture; whereas most men, after they have passed the age of thirty, neglect themselves, and are content to remain (not that they do so remain) as semi-cultured as they were at that immature age.

MENTION has been made, on two occasions in the course of the Communist trials, of a silver statue which the Emperor Alexander had given to Napoleon I. on the occasion of the treaty of Tilsit. This work of art, which has now been

placed in the Louvre, represents a female figure of Peace, seated, and rather larger than life; it is crowned with a wreath of maize ears, and holds in its left hand a horn of abundance, and in its right an olive-branch. The cushion on which it is seated, the edge of the drapery and mantle, as well as the crown and horn, are all gilt. The workmanship is heavy.

An important work of hydraulic engineering has been recently commenced with the view of utilizing the fall of the Rhone at Bellegarde, near Geneva. By driving a tunnel about 600 yards long, about a third of the water will be diverted from the river, and delivered into the neighbouring valley of the Valseriane, with an available fall of 44 feet, the supply being estimated at rather more than 2,000 cubic feet per second at the period of lowest water. This corresponds to 10,000 horse power, or as much as that which has created Lowell the Manchester of America. The promoters of the enterprise point out that the position is admirably situated for the erection of cotton and woollen mills, as, in addition to furnishing power, the water is of exceptional purity.

Athenaeum.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW TO SELL FISH.

WHAT I had seen that night upset me more than I like to dwell upon. But with all my fish on hand, I was forced to make the best of it. For a down-hearted man will turn meat, as we say, and much more, fish, to a farthing's-worth. And though my heart was sore and heavy for my ancient sweetheart Moxey, and for little Bardie in the thick of such disasters; that could be no excuse to me for wasting good fish — or at least pretty good — and losing thoroughly good money.

Here were the mullet, with less of shine than I always recommend and honestly wish them to possess; here were the prawns, with a look of paleness, and almost of languishing, such as they are bound to avoid until money paid and counted; and most of all, here were lawful bass, of very great size and substance, inclined to do themselves more justice in the scales than on the dish.

I saw that this would never answer to my present high repute. Concerning questions afterwards, and people being hard upon me, out of thoughtless ignorance, that was none of my affair. The whole of that would go, of course, upon the weather and sudden changes, such as never were known before. And if good religious people would not so be satisfied with the will of Providence to have their fish as fish are made, against them I had another reason, which never fails to satisfy.

The "burning tide," as they called it (through which poor Bardie first appeared), had been heard of far inland, and with one consent pronounced to be the result of the devil improperly flipping his tail while bathing. Although the weather had been so hot, this rumour was beyond my belief; nevertheless I saw my way, if any old customer should happen, when it came to his dinner-time, to be at all discontented (which no man with a fine appetite and a wholesome nose should indulge in) — I saw my way to sell him more, upon the following basket-day, by saying what good people said, and how much I myself had seen of it.

With these reflections I roused my spirits, and resolved to let no good fish be lost, though it took all the week to sell them. For, in spite of the laws laid down in the books (for young married women, and so forth), there is scarcely any other thing upon which both men and women may be led astray so pleasantly as why to

buy fish, and when to buy fish, and what fish to buy.

Therefore I started in good spirits on the Monday morning, carrying with me news enough to sell three times the weight I bore, although it was breaking my back almost. Good fish it was, and deserved all the praise that ever I could bestow on it, for keeping so well in such shocking weather; and so I sprinkled a little salt in some of the delicate places, just to store the flavour there; for cooks are so forgetful, and always put the blame on me when they fail of producing a fine fresh smell.

Also knowing, to my sorrow, how suspicious people are, and narrow-minded to a degree none would give them credit for, I was forced to do a thing which always makes me to myself seem almost uncharitable.

But I felt that I could trust nobody to have proper faith in me, especially when they might behold the eyes of the fishes retire a little, as they are very apt to do when too many cooks have looked at them. And knowing how strong the prejudice of the public is in this respect, I felt myself bound to gratify it, though at some cost of time and trouble. This method I do not mind describing (as I am now pretty clear of the trade) for the good of my brother fishermen.

When the eyes of a fish begin to fail him through long retirement from the water, you may strengthen his mode of regarding the world (and therefore the world's regard for him) by a delicate piece of handling. Keep a ray-fish always ready — it does not matter how stale he is — and on the same day on which you are going to sell your bass, or mullet, or cod, or whatever it may be, pull a few sharp spines, as clear as you can, out of this good ray. Then open the mouth of your languid fish and embolden the aspect of either eye by fetching it up from despondency with a skewer of proper length extended from one ball to the other. It is almost sure to drop out in the cooking; and even if it fails to do so none will be the wiser, but take it for a provision of nature — as indeed it ought to be.

Now, if anybody is rude enough to gain-say your fish in the market, you have the evidence of the eyes and hands against that of the nose alone. "Why, bless me, madam," I used to say, "a lady like you, that understands fish a great deal better than I do! His eyes are coming out of his head, ma'am, to hear you say such things of him. Afloat he was at four this morning, and his eyes will speak to it."

And so he was, well afloat in my tub, before I began to prepare him for a last appeal to the public. Only they must not float too long, or the scales will not be stiff enough.

Being up to a few of these things, and feeling very keenly how hard the public always tries to get upper hand of me, and would beat me down to half nothing a pound (if allowed altogether its own way), I fought very bravely the whole of that Monday to turn a few honest shillings. "Good old Davy, fine old Davy, brave old Davy!" they said I was every time I abated a halfpenny; and I called them generous gentlemen and Christian-minded ladies every time they wanted to smell my fish, which is not right before payment. What right has any man to disparage the property of another? When you have bought him, he is your own, and you have the title to canvass him; but when he is put in the scales, remember "nothing but good of the dead," if you remember anything.

As I sat by the cross roads in Bridgend on the bottom of a bucket, and with a four-legged dressing-table (hired for twopence) in front of me, who should come up but the well-known Brother Hezekiah? Truly tired I was getting, after plodding through Merthyr Mawr, Ogmore, and Ewenny, Llaleston, and Newcastle, and driven at last to the town of Bridgend. For some of my fish had a gamesome odour, when first I set off in the morning; and although the rain had cooled down the air, it was now become an unwise thing to recommend what still remained to any man of unchristian spirit, or possessing the ear of the magistrates.

Now perhaps I should not say this thing, and many may think me inclined to vaunt, and call me an old coxcomb; but if any man could sell stinking fish in the times of which I am writing — and then it was ten times harder than now, because women looked after marketing — that man I verily believe was this old Davy Llewellyn; and right he has to be proud of it. But what were left on my hands that evening were beginning to get so strong, that I feared they must go over Bridgend bridge into the river Ogmore.

The big coach with the London letters, which came then almost twice a-week, was just gone on, after stopping three hours to rest the horses and feed the people; and I had done some business with them, for London folk for the most part have a kind and pleasing ignorance. They paid me well, and I served them well with fish

of a fine high flavour; but now I had some which I would not offer to such kind-hearted gentry.

Hezekiah wanted fish. I saw it by his nostrils, and I knew it for certain when he pretended not to see me or my standing. He went a good bit round the corner, as if to deal with the ironmonger. But for all that, I knew as well as if I could hear his wife beginning to rake the fire, that fish for supper was the business which had brought him across the bridge. Therefore I refused an offer which I would have jumped at before seeing Hezekiah, of twopence a-pound for the residue from an old woman who sold pickles; and I made up my mind to keep up the price, knowing the man to have ten in family, and all blessed with good appetites.

"What, Davy! Brother Davy!" he cried, being compelled to begin, because I took care not to look at him. "Has it been so ordered that I behold good brother Davy with fish upon a Monday?" His object in this was plain enough — to beat down my goods by terror of an information for Sabbath-labour.

"The Lord has been merciful to me," I answered, patting my best fish on his shoulder: "not only in sending them straight to my net, at nine o'clock this morning; but also, brother Hezekiah, in the hunger all people have for them. I would that I could have kept thee a taste; not soon wouldst thou forget it. Sweeter fish and finer fish never came out of Newton Bay" — this I said because Newton Bay is famous for high quality. "But, brother Hezekiah, thou art come too late." And I began to pack up very hastily.

"What!" cried Hezekiah, with a keen and hungrily greivous voice; "all those fish bespoken, Davy?"

"Every one of them bespoken, brother; by a man who knows a right down good bass, better almost than I do. Griffy, the 'Cat and Snuffers.'"

Now, Griffith, who kept the "Cat and Snuffers," was a very jovial man, and a bitter enemy to Hezekiah Perkins; and I knew that the latter would gladly offer a penny a-pound upon Griffy's back, to spoil him of his supper, and to make him offend his customers.

"Stop, brother Davy," cried Hezekiah, stretching out his broad fat hands, as I began to pack my fish, with the freshest smellers uppermost; "Davy dear, this is not right, nor like our ancient friendship. A rogue like Griffy to cheat you so! What had he beaten you down to, Davy?"

"Beaten me down!" I said, all in a

hurry: "is it likely I would be beaten down, with their eyes coming out of their heads like that?"

"Now dear brother Dyo, do have patience! What was he going to give you a-pound?"

"Fourpence a-pound, and ten pound of them. Three-and-four-pence for a lot like that! Ah, the times are bad indeed!"

"Dear brother Dyo, fourpence-half-penny! Three-and-nine down, for the lot as it stands."

"Hezekiah, for what do you take me? Cut a farthing in four, when you get it. Do I look a likely man to be a rogue for fivepence?"

"No, no, Davy; don't be angry with me. Say as much as tenpence. Four-and-twopence, ready money; and no Irish coinage."

"Brother Hezekiah," said I, "a bargain struck, is a bargain kept. Rob a man of his supper for ten-pence!"

"Oh, Dyo, Dyo! you never would think of that man's supper, with my wife longing for fish so! Such a family as we have, and the weakness in Hepzibah's back! Five shillings for the five, Davy."

"There, there; take them along," I cried at last, with a groan from my chest: "you are bound to be the ruin of me. But what can I do with a delicate lady? Brother, surely you have been a little too hard upon me. Whatever shall I find to say to a man who never beats me down?"

"Tell that worldly 'Cat and Snuffers' that your fish were much too good — why, Davy, they seem to smell a little!"

"And small use they would be, Hezekiah, either for taste or for nourishment, unless they had the sea-smell now. Brother, all your money back, and the fish to poor Griffy, if you know not the smell of salt water yet."

"Now, don't you be so hot, old Davy. The fish are good enough, no doubt; and it may be from the skewer-wood; but they have a sort, not to say a smell, but a manner of reminding one —"

"Of the savoury stuff they feed on," said I; "and thorough good use they make of it. A fish must eat, and so must we, and little blame to both of us."

With that he bade me "good-night," and went with alacrity towards his supper, scornfully sneering as he passed the door of the "Cat and Snuffers." But though it was a fine thing for me, and an especial Providence, to finish off my stock so well, at a time when I would have taken gladly a shilling for the lot of it, yet I felt that circumstances were against my lingering.

Even if Hezekiah, unable to enter into the vein of my fish, should find himself too fat to hurry down the steep hill after me, still there were many other people, fit for supper, and fresh for it, from the sudden coolness, whom it was my duty now to preserve from mischief; by leaving proper interval for consideration, before I might happen to be in front of their dining-room windows another day.

Therefore, with a grateful sense of goodwill to all customers, I thought it better to be off. There I had been, for several hours, ready to prove anything, but never challenged by anybody; and my spirit had grown accordingly. But I never yet have found it wise to overlie success. Win it, and look at it, and be off, is the quickest way to get some more. So I scarcely even called for so much as a pint at the "Cat and Snuffers," to have a laugh with Griffy; but set off for Newton, along the old road, with a good smart heel, and a fine day's business, and a light heart inside of me.

When I had passed Red-hill and Tythegston, and clearly was out upon Newton Down, where the glow-worms are most soft and sweet, it came upon me, in looking up from the glow-worms to the stars of heaven, to think and balance how far I was right in cheating Hezekiah. It had been done with the strictest justice, because his entire purpose was to purely cheat me. Whereupon Providence had stepped in and seen that I was the better man. I was not so ungrateful — let nobody suppose it — as to repine at this result. So far from that, that I rattled my money and had a good laugh, and went on again. But being used to watch the stars, as an old sailor is bound to do, I thought that Orion ought to be up, and I could not see Orion. This struck me as an unkindly thing, although, when I thought of it next day, I found that Orion was quite right, and perhaps the beer a little strong which had led me to look out for him; anyhow, it threw me back to think of Hezekiah, and make the worst of him to myself for having had the best of him.

Everybody may be sure that I never would have gone out of the way to describe my traffic with that man unless there were good reason. Nay, but I wanted to show you exactly the cast and the colour of man he was, by setting forth his low attempt to get my fish for nothing.

There was no man, of course, in my native village, and very few in Bridgend perhaps, to whom I would have sold those fish, unless they were going to sell it again.

But Hezekiah Perkins, a member and leading elder of the "Nicodemus-Christians," was so hard a man to cheat — except by stirring of his gall — and so keen a cheat himself; so proud, moreover, of his wit and praying, and truly brotherly, — that to lead him astray was the very first thing desired by a sound Churchman.

By trade and calling he had been — before he received his special call — no more than a common blacksmith. Now a blacksmith is a most useful man, full of news and full of jokes, and very often by no means drunk; this, however, was not enough to satisfy Hezekiah. Having parts, as he always told us — and sometimes we wished that he had no whole — cultivated parts, moreover, and taken up by the gentry, nothing of a lower order came up to his merits than to call himself as follows: "Horologist, Gunsmith, Practical Turner, Working Goldsmith and Jeweller, Maker of all Machinery, and Engineman to the King and Queen."

The first time he put this over his door, all the neighbours laughed at him, knowing (in spite of the book he had got, full of figures and shapes and crossings, which he called "Three-gun-onetry") that his education was scarcely up to the rule of three, without any guns. Nevertheless he got on well, having sense enough to guide him when to talk large (in the presence of people who love large talk, as beyond them), and when to sing small, and hold his tongue, and nod at the proper distances, if ever his business led him among the gentry of any sense or science, such as we sometimes hear of. Hence it was that he got the order to keep the church-clock of Bridgend agoing by setting the hands on twice a day, and giving a push to the pendulum; and so long as the clock would only go, nobody in the town cared a tick whether it kept right time or wrong. And if people from the country durst say anything about it, it was always enough to ask them what their own clocks had to say.

There were not then many stable-clocks, such as are growing upon us now, so that every horse has his own dinner-bell; only for all those that were, Hezekiah received, I daresay, from five to ten shillings a month apiece in order to keep them moving. But, bless my heart! he knew less of a clock than I, old Davy Llewellyn; and once on a time I asked him, when he talked too much of his "ometries" — as a sailor might do in his simpleness — I asked him to take an "observation," as I had seen a good deal of it. But all he did was

to make a very profane and unpleasant one. As for this man's outward looks, he was nothing at all particular, but usually with dirt about him, and a sense of oiliness. Why he must needs set up for a saint the father of evil alone may tell; but they said that the clock that paid him best (being the worst in the neighbourhood) belonged to a Nicodemus-Christian, with a great cuckoo over it. Having never seen it, I cannot say; and the town is so full of gossip that I throw myself down on my back and listen, being wholly unable to vie with them in depth or in compass of story-telling, even when fish are a week on my hands.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CORONER AND THE CORONET.

AN officer of high repute had lately been set over us, to hold account of the mischief, and to follow evidence, and make the best he could of it when anybody chose to die without giving proper notice. He called himself "Coroner of the King;" and all the doctors, such as they were, made it a point that he must come, whenever there was a dead man or woman who had died without their help.

Now all about the storm of sand, and all about the shipwreck, was known in every part of the parish, before the church-clock had contrived, in gratitude to Hezekiah, to strike the noon of Monday. Every child that went to the well knew the truth of everything; and every woman of Newton and Nottage had formed from the men her own opinion, and was ready to stand thereby, and defy all the other women.

Nevertheless some busy doctor (who had better been in the stocks) took it for a public duty to send notice and demand for the Coroner to sit upon us. The wrath of the parish (now just beginning to find some wreck, that would pay for the ropes) was so honest and so grave, that the little doctor was compelled to run and leave his furniture. And so it always ought to be with people who are meddling.

It came to my knowledge that this must happen, and that I was bound to help in it, somewhere about middle-day of Tuesday; at a time when I was not quite as well as I find myself, when I have no money. For being pleased with my luck perhaps, and not content quite to smoke in the dark, and a little dry after the glow-worms, it happened (I will not pretend to say how) that I dropped into the

"Jolly Sailors," to know what the people could be about, making such a great noise as they were, and keeping a quiet man out of his bed.

There I smelled a new tobacco, directly I was in the room; and somebody (pleased with my perception) gave me several pipes of it, with a thimbleful—as I became more and more agreeable—of a sort of rum-and-water. And, confining myself, as my principle is, to what the public treat me to, it is not quite out of the question that I may have been too generous. And truly full I was of grief, upon the following morning that somebody had made me promise, in a bubbling moment, to be there again, and bring my fiddle, on the Tuesday night.

Now, since the death of my dear wife, who never put up with my fiddle (except when I was courting her), it had seemed to my feelings to be almost a levity to go fiddling. Also I knew what everybody would begin to say of me; but the landlord, foreseeing a large attendance after the Coroner's inquest, would not for a moment hear of any breach of my fiddle pledge.

Half of Newton, and perhaps all Notage, went to Sker the following day to see the Coroner, and to give him the benefit of their opinions. And another piece of luck there was to tempt them in that direction. For the ship which had been wrecked and had disappeared for a certain time, in a most atrocious manner, was rolled about so by the tide and a shift of the wind on Monday, that a precious large piece of her stern was in sight from the shore on Tuesday morning. It lay not more than a cable's length from low-water mark, and was heaved up so that we could see as far as the star-board mizzen-chains. Part of the taffrail was carried away, and the carving gone entirely, but the transom and transom-knees stood firm; and of the ship's name done in gold I could make out in large letters TA LUCIA; and underneath, in a curve, and in smaller letters, ADOR.

Of course no one except myself could make head or tail of this; but after thinking a little while, I was pretty sure of the meaning of it—namely, that the craft was Portuguese, called the Santa Lucia, and trading from San Salvador, the capital of Brazil. And in this opinion I was confirmed by observing through my spy-glass, copper bolt-heads of a pattern such as I had seen at Lisbon, but never in any British ship. However, I resolved, for the present, to keep my opinion to myself,

unless it were demanded upon good authority. For it made me feel confused in mind, and perhaps a little uneasy, when, being struck by some resemblance, I pulled from the lining of my hat a leaf of a book, upon which I copied all that could be made out of the letters, each side of the tiller of my new boat; and now I found them to be these—cc from the starboard side, just where they would have stood in Lucia—and DOR from the further end of the line, just as in San Salvador.

The sands were all alive with people, and the rocks, and every place where anything good might have drifted. For Evan Thomas could scarcely come at a time of such affliction to assert his claims of wreck, and to belabour right and left. Therefore, for a mile or more, from where the land begins to dip, and the old stone wall, like a jagged cord, divides our parish from Kenfig, hundreds of figures might be seen, running along the grey wet sands, and reflected by their brightness. The day was going for two of the clock, and the tide growing near to the turn of ebb; and the landsprings oozing down from the beach, spread the whole of the flat sands so, with a silver overlaying, that without keen sight it was hard to tell where the shore ended and sea began. And a great part of this space was sprinkled with naked feet going pattering—boys and girls, and young women and men, who had left their shoes up high on the rocks, to have better chance in the racing.

Now it is not for me to say that all or half of these good people were so brisk because they expected any fine thing for themselves. I would not even describe them as waiting in readiness for the force of fortune by the sea administered. I believe that all were most desirous of doing good if possible. In the first case, to the poor people drowned; but if too late, then to console any disconsolate relations: failing of which, it would be hard if anybody should blame them for picking up something for themselves.

"What! you here, mother Probyn?" I cried, coming upon a most pious old woman, who led the groaning at Zoar Chapel, and being for the moment struck out of all my manners by sight of her.

"Indeed, and so I am, old Davy," she answered, without abashment, and almost too busy to notice me; "the Lord may bless my poor endeavours to rescue them poor Injuns. But I can't get on without a rake. If I had only had the sense to bring my garden-rake. There are so many little things, scarcely as big as cockle-shells;

and the wives do drag them away from me. Oh, there, and there goes another! Gwenny, if I don't smack you!"

All these people, and all their doings, I left with a sort of contempt, perhaps, such as breaks out on me now and then at any very great littleness. And I knew that nothing worth wet of the knees could be found with the ebb-tide running, and ere the hold of the ship broke up.

So I went toward the great house, whose sorrows and whose desolation they took little heed of. And nothing made me feel more sad—strange as it may seem, and was—than to think of poor black Evan, thus unable to stand up and fight for his unrighteous rights.

In the great hall were six bodies, five of strong young men laid quiet, each in his several coffin; and the other of a little child in a simple dress of white, stretched upon a piece of board. Death I have seen in all his manners, since I was a cabin-boy, and I took my hat off to the bodies, as I had seen them do abroad; but when I saw the small dead-child, a thrill and pang of cold went through me. I made sure of nothing else, except that it was dear Bardie. That little darling whom I loved, for her gifts direct from God, and her ways, so out of the way to all other children—it struck my heart with a power of death, that this lively soul was dead.

When a man makes a fool of himself, anybody may laugh at him; and this does him good, perhaps, and hardens him against more trouble. But bad as I am, and sharp as I am, in other people's opinion (and proud sometimes to think of it), I could not help a good gulp of a tear, over what I believed to be the body of poor little Bardie. For that child had such nice ways, and took such upper hand of me; that, excepting to find a Captain always, especially among women—

"Old Davy, I 'ants 'a. Old Davy, 'hen is 'a coming?"

By the union-jack, it was as good as a dozen kegs of rum to me. There was no mistaking the sweetest and clearest voice ever heard outside of a flute. And presently began pit-pat of the prettiest feet ever put in a shoe, down the great oak staircase. She held on by the rails, and showed no fear at all about it, though the least slip might have killed her. Then she saw the sad black sight after she turned the corner, and wondered at the meaning of it, and her little heart stood still. As she turned to me in awe, and held out both hands quivering. I caught her up, and spread my grey beard over her young

frightened eyes, and took her out of sight of all those cold and very dreadful things.

I had never been up the stairs before in that dark and ancient house; and the length, and the width, and the dreariness, and the creaking noises, frightened me; not so much for my own sake (being never required to sleep there), but for the tender little creature, full already of timid fancies, who must spend the dark nights there. And now the house, left empty of its noise, and strength, and boastfulness, had only five more ghosts to wander silent through the silent places. And this they began the very night after their bodies were in a churchyard.

The Coroner came on an old white pony, nearly four hours after the time for which his clerk had ordered us. Being used, for my part, to royal discipline, and everything done to the minute fixed, with the Captain's voice like the crack of a gun, I was vexed and surprised; but expected him to give us some reason, good or bad. Instead of that he roared out to us, with his feet still in both stirrups, "Is there none of you Taffies with manners enough to come and hold a gentleman's horse? Here you, Davy Jones, you are long enough, and lazy enough; put your hand to the bridle, will you?"

This was to me, who was standing by, in the very height of innocence, having never yet seen any man appointed to sit upon dead bodies, and desiring to know how he could help them. I did for his Honour all I could, although his manner of speech was not in any way to my liking. But my rule has always been that of the royal navy, than which there is no wiser. If my equal insults me, I knock him down: if my officer does it, I knock under.

Meanwhile our people were muttering "Sassenach, Sassenach!" And from their faces it was plain that they did not like an Englishman to sit upon Cwmric bodies. However, it was the old, old thing. The Welsh must do all the real work; and the English be paid for sitting upon them after they are dead.

"I never sate on a black man yet, and I won't sit on a black man now," the Coroner said, when he was sure about oats enough for his pony; "I'll not disgrace his Majesty's writ by sitting upon damned niggers."

"Glory be to God, your Honour!" Stradling Williams cried, who had come as head of the jury: clerk he was of Newton church, and could get no fees unless upon a Christian burial: "we thought your Hon-

our would hardly put so great a disgrace upon us; but we knew not how the law lay."

"The law requires no Christian man," pronounced the Crowner, that all might hear, "to touch pitch, and defile himself. Both in body and soul, Master Clerk, to lower and defile himself!"

Hereupon a high hard screech, which is all we have in Wales for the brave hurrah of Englishmen, showed that all the jury were of one accord with the Coroner: and I was told by somebody that all had shaken hands, and sworn to strike work, rather than put up with misery of conscience.

"But, your Honour," said Mr. Lewis, bailiff to Colonel Lougher, "if we hold no quest on the black men, how shall we certify anything about this terrible shipwreck?"

"The wreck is no concern of mine," answered the Crowner crustily: "it is not my place to sit upon planks, but upon Christian bodies. Do you attend to your own business, and leave mine to me, sir."

The bailiff being a nice quiet man, thought it best to say no more. But some of the people who were thronging from every direction to see his Honour, told him about the little white baby found among the bladder-ween. He listened to this, and then he said, —

"Show me this little white infant discovered among the black men. My business here is not with infants, but with five young smothered men. However, if there be an infant of another accident, and of Christian colour, I will take it as a separate case, and damn the county in the fees."

We assured his lordship, as every one now began to call him (in virtue of his swearing so, which no doubt was right in a man empowered to make other people swear), we did our best at anyrate to convince the Crowner, that over and above all black men, there verily was a little child, and, for all one could tell, a Christian child entitled to the churchyard, and good enough for him to sit on. And so he entered the house to see it.

But if he had sworn a little before (and more than I durst set down for him), he certainly swore a great deal now, and poured upon us a bitter heat of English indignation. All of the jury were taken aback; and I as a witness felt most uneasy; until we came to understand that his Honour's wrath was justly kindled on account of some marks on the baby's clothes.

"A coronet!" he cried, stamping about;

"a coronet on my young lord's pinafore, and you stupid oafs never told me!"

Nobody knew except myself (who had sailed with an earl for a captain) what the meaning of this thing was; and when the clerk of the church was asked, rather than own his ignorance, he said it was part of the arms of the crown; and the Crowner was bound like a seal by it.

This explanation satisfied all the people of the parish, except a few far-going Baptists, with whom it was a point of faith always to cavil and sneer at every "wind of doctrine," as they always called it — the scent of which could be traced, anyhow, to either the parson or the clerk, or even the gravedigger. But I was content to look on and say nothing, having fish to sell, at least twice a-week, and finding all customers orthodox, until they utter bad shillings.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE EVIDENCE.

THERE is no need for me to follow all the Crowner's doings, or all that the juries thought and said, which was different altogether from what they meant to think and say. And he found himself bound to have two of them, with first right of inquest to the baby, because of the stamp on his pinafore. And here I was, foreman of the jury, with fifteen pence for my services, and would gladly have served on the other jury after walking all that way, but was disabled for doing so, and only got ninepence for testimony. With that, however, I need not meddle, as every one knows all about it; only, to make clear all that happened, and, indeed to clear myself, I am forced to put before you all that we did about that baby, as fully and emphatically as the state of our doings upon that occasion permitted me to remember it.

For the Coroner sate at the head of the table, in the great parlour of the house; and the dead child came in on his board, and we all regarded him carefully, especially heeding his coronet mark, and then set him by the window. A fine young boy enough to look at, about the age of our Bardie, and might have been her twin-brother, as everybody vowed he was, only his face was bolder and stronger, and his nose quite different, and altogether a brave young chap, instead of fanny and delicate. All this, however, might well have come from knocking about in the seas so much.

I would have given a good half-crown to have bitten off my foolish tongue, when one of the jurymen stood up and began to

address the Coroner. He spoke, unluckily, very good English, and his Honour was glad to pay heed to him. And the clerk put down nearly all he said, word for word, as might be. This meddlesome fellow (being no less than brother Hezekiah's self) nodded to me for leave to speak, which I could not deny him; and his Honour lost no time whatever to put his mouth into his rummer of punch, as now provided for all of us, and to bow (whenever his mouth was empty) to that Hezekiah. For the man had won some reputation, or rather had made it, for himself, by perpetual talking, as if he were skilled in the history and antiquities of the neighbourhood. Of these he made so rare a patchwork, heads and tails, prose, verse, and proverbs, histories, and his stories, that (as I heard from a man of real teaching and learning who met him once and kept out of his way ever after) any one trusting him might sit down in the chair of Canute at King Arthur's table, not that I or any of my neighbours would be the worse for doing that; only the thought of it frightened us, and made us unwilling to harken him much.

However, if there was any matter on which Hezekiah deserved to be heard, no doubt it was this upon which he was now delivering his opinions — to wit, the great inroad or invasion of the sand, for miles along our coast; of which there are very strange things to tell, and of which he had made an especial study, having a field at Candleston with a shed upon it and a rick of hay, all which disappeared in a single night, and none was ever seen afterwards. It was the only field he had, being left to him by his grandmother; and many people were disappointed that he had not slept with his cow that night. This directed his attention to the serious consideration, as he always told us at first start, being a lover of three-decked words, of the most important contemplation which could occupy the attention of any Cambrian landowner.

"Show your land," cried a wag of a tailor, with none to cross his legs upon; but we put him down, and pegged him down, till his manners should be of the pattern-book. Hezekiah went on to tell, in words too long to answer the helm of such a plain sailor as I am, how the sweep of hundreds of miles of sand had come up from the west and south-west in only two hundred and fifty years. How it had first begun to flow about the Scilly Islands, as mentioned by one Borlase, and came to the mouth of Hayle river, in Cornwall, in the early years

of King Henry VIII., and after that blocked up Bude Haven, and swallowed the ploughs in the arable land. Then at Llanant it came like a cloud over the moon one winter night, and buried five-and-thirty houses with the people in them.

An Act of Parliament was passed — chapter the second of Philip and Mary — to keep it out of Glamorganshire; and good commissioners were appointed, and a survey made along the coast, especially of Kenfig. Nevertheless the dash of sand was scarcely on their ink, when swarming, driving, darkening the air, the storm swept on their survey. At the mouth of the Tawey and Afan rivers the two sailors' chapels were buried, and then it swept up the great Roman road, a branch of the Julian way, and smothered the pillars of Gordian, and swallowed the castle of Kenfig, which stood by the side of the western road; and still rushing eastward, took Newton village and Newton old church beneath it. And so it went on for two hundred years, coming up from the sea, no doubt, carried by the perpetual gales, which always are from the south and west — filling all the hollow places, changing all bright mossy pools into hills of yellow drought, and, like a great encampment, dwelling over miles and leagues of land. And like a camp it was in this, that it was always striking tent. Six times in the last few years had the highest peak of sand — the general's tent it might be called — been shifted miles away, perhaps, and then come back towards Ogmore; and it was only the other day that, through some shift or swirl of wind, a windmill, with its sails entire, had been laid bare near Candleston, of which the last record was in Court-rolls of a hundred and fifty years ago.*

Now all this, though Hezekiah said it, was true enough, I do believe, having heard things much to the same purpose from my own old grandfather. The Coroner listened with more patience than we had given him credit for, although he told us that brother Perkins should have reserved his learned speech for the second inquiry, which was to be about the deaths of the five young men; for to him it appeared that this noble infant must lay the blame of his grievous loss not on the sand

* A clear and interesting account of this mighty sand-march may be found in a very learned paper by the Rev. H. H. Knight, B.D., formerly rector of Neath, Glamorgan; which paper entitled "An Account of Newton-Nottage," was reprinted at Tenby in 1853, from the "*Archæologia Cambrensis*." Considerable movements still occur, but of late years no very great advance.

but upon the sea. Hezekiah replied, with great deference, that the cause in both cases was the same, for that the movement of sand went on under the sea even more than ashore, and hence the fatal gulfing of that ship, the Andalusia, and the loss of his young lordship.

The name he had given the ship surprised me; and indeed I felt sure that it was quite wrong; and so I said immediately, without any low consideration of what might be mine own interest. But the Coroner would not harken to me, being much impressed now with the learning and wisdom of Hezekiah Perkins. And when Hezekiah presented his card, beginning with "horologist," and ending with the "king and queen," he might have had any verdict he liked, if he himself had been upon trial.

Therefore, after calling in (for the sake of form) the two poor women who found the dead baby among the sea-weed, and had sevenpence apiece for doing so, and who cried all the while that they talked in Welsh (each having seen a dear baby like him not more than twenty years ago), we came in the most unanimous manner, under his lordship's guidance, to the following excellent verdict:—

"Found drowned on Pool Tavan rocks, a man-child, supposed to be two years old; believed to be a young nobleman, from marks on pinafore, and high bearing; but cast away by a storm of sand from the ship Andalusia of Appledore."

Now I was as certain, as sure could be, that half of this verdict must be wrong; especially as to the name of the ship, and her belonging to Appledore, which never yet owned any craft of more than 200 tons at the utmost—a snow, or a brig, at the very outside. Nevertheless I was compelled to give in to the rest of them, and most of all to the Coroner. Only I said, as many who are still alive can remember, and are not afraid to speak to, and especially my good friend Mr. Lewis, "The ship was not called the Andalusia; the ship was never from Appledore; neither was she of British build. As an old seaman, it is likely that I know more of the build of a ship than a lubber of a clock-maker, or rather a clock-mauler."

But here I was put down sternly; and hearing of verdicts a great deal worse, without any mischief come of them, I was even content to sign the return, and have a new pipe of bird's-eye. And a bird's-eye view this gave me of them at the second inquest, wherein I had to give evidence; and was not of the jury. They

wanted to cross-examine me, because I had been unpleasant; but of that they got the worst, and dropped it. But as all our jurymen declared upon their oaths that the little nobleman was drowned in a storm of sand, so they found that the five young rabbits came to their end of smothering through a violent sea-tempest.

In the days of my youth such judgments perhaps would have tried my patience; but now I knew that nothing ever follows truth and justice. People talk of both these things, and perhaps the idea does them good.

Be that according to God's will—as we always say when deprived of our own—at any rate, I am bound to tell one little thing more about each quest. And first about the first one. Why was I so vexed and angry with my foolish tongue when Hezekiah began to speak? Only because I knew full well that it would lead to the very thing which it was my one desire to avoid, if possible. And this—as you may guess at once, after what happened on the stairs—was the rude fetching and exposing of the dear little maid among so many common fellows; and to show her the baby-corpse. I feared that it must come to this, through my own thoughtless babbling about her "ickie bother" in the presence of Hezekiah: and if ever man had a hollow dry heart from over-pumping of the tongue, I had it when Hezekiah came in; bearing, in a depth of fright and wonder, and contempt of him, my own delicate Bardie. I had set my back against the door, and sworn that they should not have her; but that crafty Perkins had stolen out by another door while they humoured me. Now my pretty dear was awed, and hushed beyond all crying, and even could not move her feet, as children do, in a kicking way. Trying to get as far as possible from Hezekiah's nasty face—which gave me a great deal of pleasure, because she had never done the like to me, unless I were full of tobacco—she stretched away from his greasy shoulder, and then she saw old Davy. Her hands came toward me, and so did her eyes, and so did her lips, with great promise of kisses, such as her father and mother perhaps might have been mightily tempted by; but nobody now to care for them.

When Hezekiah, pretending to dandle this little lady in a jaunty way, like one of his filthy low children, was taking her towards that poor little corpse, so white in the light of the window; and when he made her look at it, and said, "Is that ickie bother, my dear?" and she all the

time was shivering and turning her eyes away from it, and seeking for me to help her, I got rid of the two men who held me, nor hearkened I the Coroner, but gave Hezekiah such a grip as he felt for three months afterwards, and with Bardie on my left arm, kept my right fist ready.

Nobody cared to encounter this; for I had happened to tell the neighbourhood how the Frenchman's head came off at the time when he tried to injure me; and so I bore off the little one, till her chest began to pant and her tears ran down my beard. And then as I spoke softly to her and began to raise her fingers, and to tickle her frizzy hair, all of a sudden she flung both arms around my neck, and loved me.

"Old Davy, poor ickle Bardie not go to 'e back pithole yet?"

"No, my dear, not for ever so long. Not for eighty years at least. And then go straight to heaven!"

"Ickle bother go to 'e back pithole? Does 'a think, old Davy?"

This was more than I could tell, though inclined to think it very likely. However, before I could answer, some of the jury followed us, and behind them the Coroner himself; they insisted on putting a question to her, and so long as they did not force her again to look at that which terrified her, I had no right to prevent them. They all desired to speak at once; but the clerk of the Coroner took the lead, having as yet performed no work toward the earning of his salt or rum. An innocent old man he was, but very free from cleanliness; and the child being most particular of all ever born in that matter, turned away with her mite of a nose, in a manner indescribable.

He was much too dull to notice this; but putting back his spectacles, and stooping over her hair and ears (which was all she left outside my beard), he wanted to show his skill in babies, of which he boasted himself a grandfather. And so he began to whisper,—

"My little dear, you will be a good child—a very good child; won't you,

now? I can see it in your little face. Such a pretty dear you are! And all good children always do as they are told, you know. We want you to tell us a little thing about pretty little brother. I have got a little girl at home not so old as you are, and she is so clever, you can't think. Everything she does and says; everything we tell her——"

"Take away 'e nasty old man. Take away 'e bad old man; or I never tiss 'a again, old Davy."

She flashed up at me with such wrath, that I was forced to obey her; while the old man put down his goggles to stare, and all the jury laughed at him. And I was running away with her, for her little breath was hot and short; when the Coroner called out, "Stop, man; I know how to manage her." At this I was bound to pull up, and set her to look at him as he ordered me. She sate well up in my arms, and looked, and seemed not to think very highly of him.

"Look at his Honour, my dear," said I, stroking her hair as I knew she liked; "look at his lordship, you pretty duck."

"Little child," began his Honour, "you have a duty to perform, even at this early period of your very beginning life. We are most desirous to spare your feelings, having strong reasons to believe that you are sprung from a noble family. But in our duty towards your lineage, we must require you, my little dear—we must request you, my little lady—to assist us in our endeavour to identify——"

"I can say 'dentify,' old Davy; tell 'e silly old man to say 'dentify' same as I does."

She spread her little open hand with such contempt at the Coroner, that even his own clerk could not keep his countenance from laughing. And his Honour, having good reason to think her a baby of high position before, was now so certain that he said, "God bless her! What a child she is! Take her away, old mariner. She is used to high society."

Why are things not improved? Why are follies not swiftly removed? You convince an individual—any number of individuals—of the foolishness of a folly; but you cannot bring these convinced people to act in concert. Combination is very difficult; and social improvements must always be very hard to make in large communities. It is not difficult to imagine a

community, every individual of which shall be thoroughly convinced of the foolishness of some folly which he, or she, commits daily. Nay, more; each member of this community, shall know that every other member of the community thinks as he does about the whole matter. And yet the folly shall continue to be rampant for two or three generations. Arthur Helps.

From The British Quarterly Review.
LETTERS AND LETTER WRITING.*

WE all of us know well, and to our cost, that we can make no improvement in the management of our affairs, no change for the better in the arrangements, economical and ethical, of our modes of life and action without some attendant trial, trouble, or loss coming ever like a shadow in its train. It is, therefore, not a cause for wonder that some spirit of evil has cast its shadow in the wake of the introduction of the penny post, and the still later changes in the direction of cheapness in the newspaper press. A feeling of regret arises in our minds that with their introduction the good old-fashioned long and newy letter of bygone days has been almost crushed out of existence. Letter-writing is becoming a lost art, and no correspondence is now carried on as in the olden time; for no one now lives "a life of letter-writing," as Walpole said he did. The reason of this is not far to seek, for the hurry and bustle of life has become too great to allow of anything but the passing thought being committed to paper, and each writer finds it to be useless to tell news to a correspondent who has already learnt what has happened from the same sources as himself. It is now frequently a shorter operation to call upon your friend and talk with him than to write him a long letter; but it is a happy thing for us of this day that this was not always the case, for the letters of the past which we possess form one of the most charming branches of our lighter literature.

The value of communication between persons in distant places was appreciated in very early times; and we find Job exclaiming, "Now my days are swifter than a post." In the days of Hezekiah "the posts went with the letters from the king and his princes throughout all Israel and Judah," and Ahasuerus sent letters into every province of his empire by "the posts that rode upon mules and camels," and were "hastened and pressed on by the king's commandment," to inform his subjects that it was his imperial will that every man should bear rule in his own house. Various modes of communication other than writing have at different times been in use, such as numerically marked or notched pieces of wood, and the many-coloured cords, regularly knotted, which were called *quipus* by the Peruvians.

Herodotus tells us of a cruel practice resorted to, in order to convey secret intelligence with safety. The head of a trusty messenger was shaved, and certain writings were impressed upon his skull. After his hair had grown sufficiently long for the purposes of concealment he was sent on his mission, and on arriving at his destination was again shaved, in order that the writing might be revealed. When the Spaniards visited America they found the postal communication in Mexico and Peru to be carried out on a most perfect system; and we learn that the couriers of the Aztecs wore a differently coloured dress, according as they brought good or bad tidings.

The establishment of a postal system in England is chiefly due to the sagacity of Richard III., who commanded the expedition against the Scots, in his brother Edward's reign. During this time, as it was necessary for the king and his government to know how the war was carried on, stages of about twenty miles each were established upon the North road. When Richard came to the throne he did not allow this system to fall into abeyance. Henry VIII. instituted the office of "Master of the Postes," and from his time to the present the Post Office has increased in importance year by year. Henry Bishop was appointed Postmaster-General at the Restoration, on his entering into a contract to pay to Government the annual sum of £21,500. In Queen Anne's reign the revenue of the Post Office had risen to £60,000; in 1761, it reached £142,000; in 1800, £745,000; in 1813, £1,414,224, and is now between four and five millions sterling.

Much of this great increase in the revenue is owing to the various improvements that have been introduced; and most of these have come from without, and have been opposed by the officials. John Palmer had great difficulty in obtaining the adoption of his scheme of mail coaches, and Sir Rowland Hill battled for many years for his penny postage. Thomas Waghorn, the hero of the Overland Route, was originally a pilot in the service of the Hon. East India Company, and came to England with a letter of introduction from the Governor-General to the chairman of the Company. The chairman cared nothing for his scheme, and told him to return to his duties in India saying that the East India Company were quite satisfied with the postal communication, as conducted *viâ* the Cape of Good Hope. Waghorn left the room, disgusted with his reception,

* Gossip about Letters and Letter Writers. By GEORGE SETON, Advocate. Edinburgh. 1870.

and wrote the following laconic note in the hall:—

"To John Harvey Astell, Esq., M.P., Chairman of the Hon. East India Company.

"Sir, — I this day resign my employment as a pilot in the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Marine Service, and have the honour to remain, your obedient servant,

THOMAS WAGHORN."

With the ink scarcely dry he rushed into the august presence, and delivering his letter said, "There, sir, is my resignation of my position in the Company's service, and I tell you, John Harvey Astell, Esq., member of Parliament, and chairman of the Hon. East India Company, that I will stuff the Overland Route down your throat before you are two years older."*

It was very long before the present enlightened views of cheap postage took root in the official mind, and in a tract, entitled "England's Wants," reprinted in "Somer's Tracts" (vol. ix. p. 219), letters are among the objects proposed for taxation. When the cost of postage was high the receiver expected to get his money's worth in a long letter, but various tricks were often resorted to, in order to save this cost, and blank letters, with a cipher on the outside, were sometimes sent, and refused by the persons to whom they were directed, because they had learnt from the exterior all that they wanted to know. Another trick discovers an ingenious mode of getting letters free. A shrewd countryman, learning that there was a letter for him at the post office, called for it, but confessing that he could not read, requested the postmaster to open it, and let him know the contents. When he had obtained all the information he required, he politely thanked the official for his kindness, and drily observed, "When I have some change I will call and take it." The doctrines of the inviolability of letters is held by all persons of honour, and Cicero asks "who at all influenced by good habits and feelings has ever allowed himself to resent an affront or injury by exposing to others any letters received from the offending person during the intercourse of friendship." Nevertheless, all Governments have reserved to themselves the right of opening, in time of emergency, the letters that pass through their hands. The great Falkland would not countenance any such dishonourable doctrine, and Lord Clarendon says of him, "One thing Falkland could never bring himself to,

while Secretary of State, and that was the liberty of opening letters upon suspicion that they might contain matter of dangerous consequence, which he thought such a violation of the law of nature that no qualification of office could justify him in the trespass." In late years Sir James Graham incurred much public odium, for allowing the letters of Mazzini to be opened as they passed through the English post.

The history of literature presents us with many specimens of beautiful letters, and of continued correspondence of a high order. The French, more especially, excel in this charming department of the *belles lettres*, and can claim a De Seigné and a Du Deffand; while we too can boast of the possession of Walpole, Gray, and Cowper among the men, and of Lady Russell and Lady Mary Montagu among the ladies. Good letters should be like good conversation, easy and unrestrained, for fine writing is as out of place in the one as fine talk is in the other. Pope did not understand this, and his early letters are showy and unnatural, full of rhetorical flourishes on trivialities. He was in the habit of keeping rough copies of his own letters, and sometimes repeated the same letter to different persons, as in the case of the two lovers killed by lightning, an account of which he sent to the two sisters Martha and Theresa Blount. His letters, therefore, are of little more interest than those of Katherine Phillips, the matchless Orinda to her grave Poliarchus (Sir Charles Cottrel). Dr. Sprat, in his life of Cowley, makes some judicious remarks upon this subject, but draws the conclusion that familiar letters should not be published to the world.

"There was (he says), one kind of prose wherein Mr. Cowley was excellent; and that is his letters to his private friends. In those he always expressed the native tenderness and innocent gaiety of his mind. I think, sir, you and I have the greatest collection of this sort. But I know you agree with me that nothing of this sort should be published; and herein you have always consented to approve of the modest judgment of our countrymen above the practice of some of our neighbours, and chiefly of the French. I make no manner of question but the English at this time are infinitely improved in this way above the skill of former ages. Yet they have been always judiciously sparing in printing such composesures, while some other witty nations have tried all their presses and readers with them. The truth is, the letters that pass between particular friends, if they are written as they ought to be, can scarce ever be

* "Mark Boyd's Reminiscences of Fifty Years."

fit to see the light. They should not consist of fulsome compliments, or tedious politics, or elaborate elegancies, or general fancies, but they should have a native clearness and shortness, a domestic plainness, and a peculiar kind of familiarity which can only affect the humour of those for whom they were intended. The very same passages which make writings of this nature delightful among friends will lose all manner of taste when they come to be read by those that are indifferent. In such letters the souls of men should appear undressed; and in that negligent habit they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a chamber, but not to go abroad in the street."

The letters of Scott, Byron, Southey, and Burns—all thoroughly different in style—keep up the character of the moderns, and show that they understood the secret of the art.

Letter-writing has a special charm for shy, retiring men, because they are able to exhibit upon paper the feelings and emotions about which they could not speak. Some men seem able to think only when a pen is in their hands; though others, in the same situation, seem to lose all their ideas. Johnson said of the industrious Dr. Birch, "Tom Birch is as brisk as a bee in conversation, but no sooner does he take a pen in his hand than it becomes a torpedo to him and benumbs all his faculties." Dr. French Lawrence was an instance of the exact reverse, for Fox made him put on paper what he wanted to relate, saying, "I love to read your writing, but I hate to hear you talk."

Sir James Mackintosh was a great admirer of Madame de Sevigné, and we find in his works the following admirable remarks on the proper tone for polite conversation and familiar letters. We doubt whether it would be possible to find juster or finer thoughts on this subject, expressed in more elegant language:—

"When a woman of feeling, fancy, and accomplishment has learned to converse with ease and grace, from long intercourse with the most polished society, and when she writes as she speaks, she must write letters as they ought to be written, if she has acquired just as much habitual correctness as is reconcilable with the air of negligence. A moment of enthusiasm, a burst of feeling, a flash of eloquence may be allowed, but the intercourse of society, either in conversation or in letters, allows no more. Though interdicted from the long-continued use of elevated language, they are not without a resource. There is a part of language which is disdained by the pedant or the declaimer, and which both if they knew its difficulty would dread; it is formed of the most familiar phrases and turns in daily use by the generality of men,

and is full of energy and vivacity, bearing upon it the mark of those keen feelings and strong passions from which it springs. It is the employment of such phrases which produces what may be called colloquial eloquence. Conversation and letters may be thus raised to any degree of animation without departing from their character. Anything may be said, if it be spoken in the tone of society; the highest guests are welcome, if they come in the easy undress of the club; the strongest metaphor appears without violence, if it is familiarly expressed; and we the more easily catch the warmest feeling, if we perceive that it is intentionally lowered in expression out of condescension to our calmer temper. It is thus that harangues and declamations, the last proof of bad taste and bad manners in conversation, are avoided, while the fancy and the heart find the means of pouring forth all their stores. To meet this despised part of language in a polished dress, and producing all the effects of wit and eloquence, is a constant source of agreeable surprise. This is increased when a few bolder and higher words are happily wrought into the texture of this familiar eloquence. To find what seems so unlike author-craft in a book, raises the pleasing astonishment to the highest degree. I once thought of illustrating my notions by numerous examples from 'La Seigné.' I must some day or other do so, though I think it the resource of a bungler, who is not enough master of language to convey his conceptions into the minds of others. The style of Madame de Seigné is evidently copied, not only by her worshipper, Walpole, but even by Gray, who, notwithstanding the extraordinary merits of his matter, has the double stiffness of an imitator and of a college recluse. Letters must not be on a subject. Lady Mary Wortley's letters on her journey to Constantinople are an admirable book of travels, but they are not letters. A meeting to discuss a question of science is not conversation; nor are papers written to another, to inform or discuss, letters. Conversation is relaxation, not business, and must never appear to be occupation, nor must letters. Judging from my own mind, I am satisfied of the falsehood of the common notion that these letters owe their principal interest to the anecdotes of the court of Louis XIV. A very small part of the letters consist of such anecdotes. Those who read them with this idea must complain of too much Grignan. I may now own that I was a little tired during the two first volumes. I was not quite charmed and bewitched till the middle of the collection, where there are fewer anecdotes of the great and famous. I felt that the fascination grew as I became a member of the Seigné family; it arose from the history of the immortal mother and the adored daughter, and it increased as I knew them in more detail; just as my tears in the dying chamber of Clarissa depend on my having so often drank tea with her in those early volumes, which are so audaciously called dull by the profane vulgar. I do not

pretend to say that they do not owe some secondary interest to the illustrious age in which they were written; but this depends merely on its tendency to heighten the dignity of the heroine, and to make us take a warmer concern in persons who were the friends of those celebrated men and women, who are familiar to us from our childhood."

A French writer has said, "*les marins écrivent mal*;" but the gallant admiral, Lord Collingwood, whose correspondence was published in 1828, was a brilliant exception to this rash assertion. The following letter, addressed to the Honourable Miss Collingwood, is dated July 1809, and shows that its writer, in the midst of his manifold duties as a sailor, found time to direct the education of his children.

"I received your letter, my dearest child, and it made me very happy to find that you and dear Mary were well, and taking pains with your education. The greatest pleasure I have amidst my toils and troubles is in the expectation which I entertain of finding you improved in knowledge, and that the understanding which it has pleased God to give you both has been cultivated with care and assiduity. Your future happiness and respectability in the world depend on the diligence with which you apply to the attainment of knowledge at this period of your life, and I hope that no negligence of your own will be a bar to your progress. When I write to you, my beloved child, so much interested am I that you should be amiable and worthy the esteem of good and wise people, that I cannot forbear to second and enforce the instruction which you receive by admonition of my own, pointing out to you the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people, on all occasions. It does not follow that you are to coincide and agree in opinion with every ill-judging person; but after showing them your reason for dissenting from their opinion, your argument and opposition to it should not be tinged by anything offensive. Never forget for one moment that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and all your actions should mark you gentle. I never knew your mother — your dear, your good mother — say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavour to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper, my sensibility is touched sometimes with a trifle, and my expression of it sudden as gunpowder; but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me much pain. It has, indeed, given me more trouble to subdue this natural impetuosity than anything I ever undertook. I believe that you are both mild; but if you ever feel in your little breasts that you inherit a particle of your father's infirmity, restrain it, and quit the subject that has caused it until your serenity be recovered. So much for mind and manners; next for accomplishments.

No sportsman ever hits a partridge without aiming at it, and skill is acquired by repeated attempts. It is the same thing in every art: unless you aim at perfection you will never attain it, but frequent attempts will make it easy. Never, therefore, do anything with indifference. Whether it be to mend a rent in your garment, or finish the most delicate piece of art, endeavour to do it as perfectly as it is possible. When you write a letter give it your greatest care, that it may be as perfect in all its parts as you can make it. Let the subject be sense, expressed in the most plain, intelligible, and elegant manner that you are capable of. If in a familiar epistle you should be playful and jocular, guard carefully that your wit be not sharp, so as to give pain to any person; and before you write a sentence examine it, even the words of which it is composed, that there be nothing vulgar or inelegant in them. Remember, my dear, that your letter is the picture of your brains; and those whose brains are a compound of folly, nonsense, and impertinence are to blame to exhibit them to the contempt of the world, or the pity of their friends. To write a letter with negligence, without proper stops, with crooked lines and great flourishing dashes, is inelegant. It argues either great ignorance of what is proper, or great indifference towards the person to whom it is addressed, and is consequently disrespectful. It makes no amends to add an apology for having scrawled a sheet of paper, for bad pens, for you should mend them; or want of time, for nothing is more important to you, or to which your time can be more properly devoted. I think I can know the character of a lady pretty nearly by her handwriting. The dashers are all impudent, however they may conceal it from themselves or others; and the scribblers flatter themselves with the vain hope that, as their letter cannot be read, it may be mistaken for sense. I am very anxious to come to England; for I have lately been unwell. The greatest happiness which I expect there is to find that my dear girls have been assiduous in their learning. May God Almighty bless you, my beloved little Sarah, and sweet Mary, too."

Having seen from the foregoing extracts the principles that should govern the composition of familiar letters, we shall be better able to judge of the merits or demerits of the specimens that follow; and we will take this opportunity of saying that we have preferred to choose our examples from little known sources, rather than from such well-known volumes as the correspondences of Walpole, Grey, or Cowper. The celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter was much troubled by one of her most intimate and early friends always writing to her in terms of great respect. In order to show her correspondent the absurdity of her conduct, and to obtain an easier kind of intercommunication, she wrote the following letter: —

"Nov. 20, 1742.

"To Miss—

"It is with the utmost diffidence, dear Miss —, that I venture to do myself the high honour of writing to you, when I consider my own nothingness and utter incapacity of doing any one thing upon earth. Indeed, I cannot help wondering at my own assurance in daring to expose my unworthy performance to your accurate criticisms, which to be sure I should never have presumed to do if I had not thought it necessary to pay my duty to you, which, with the greatest humility, I beg you to accept. Unless I had as many tongues in my head as there are grains of dust betwixt this place and Canterbury, it is impossible for me to express the millionth part of the obligations I have to you; but people can do no more than they can, and therefore I must content myself with assuring you that I am, with the sublimest veneration, and most profound humility,

"Your most devoted,

"Obsequious,

"Respectful,

"Obedient,

"Obliged,

"And dutiful,

"Humble servant,

"E. CARTER."

"I know you have an extreme good knack at writing respectful letters; but I shall die with envy if you outdo this."

Aaron Hill expresses in elegant words what many have felt when they have received a letter from one who was separated from them by time and space:—

"Letters from absent friends extinguish fear,
Unit division, and draw distance near;
Their magic force each silent wish conveys,
And wafts embodied thought a thousand ways.
Could souls to bodies write, death's power
were mean,

For minds could then meet minds with heaven
between."

James Howell, who has left us a most amusing collection of letters, and therefore may be allowed to speak with some authority, says "familiar letters may be called the "larum bells of love;" and he puts the same idea into the form of a distich, thus—

"As keys do open chests,
So letters open breasts."

Unfortunately all the letters in the *Epistole Ho-eliane* are not genuine, but were written when Howell was confined in the Fleet prison, and were made up in order to supply their author with money for his necessities.

To Atossa, the daughter of Cyrus, has been given the credit of the invention of letterwriting, but her claim is easily dis-

posed of, as we have specimens of written communications very long before her time. The earliest letter of which we have any record is that written by David to Joab, directing him to place Uriah in the front of the battle. There are several classical stories, that bear a likeness to this, of persons who carried letters, in which their own execution was desired; thus Homer tells the story of Bellerophon, who himself bore the sealed tablets that demanded his death. In later Jewish History we learn from the Bible that Queen Jezebel wrote letters in Ahab's name, and sealed them with his seal, and sent them to the elders and nobles.

Cicero was one of the earliest to bring the art to perfection, and his letters exhibit most of the graces of which it is capable. Seneca and the younger Pliny also were amongst the masters in the art. When we consider the inconvenient and perishable medium that the Romans had to content themselves with, we cannot but feel surprise at the number of letters that were written, and the large proportion that has come down to us. Thin wooden tablets, coated over with wax, were used and fastened together with a crossed thread. The knotted ends were sealed with wax, and as the letters were usually written by a confidential slave (the *librarius*), the seal was the only guarantee of genuineness. Sometimes ivory or parchment tablets were used, and an elevated border was probably added, in order to prevent rubbing. The want of a system of posts was not felt among the Romans, as most families possessed *tabellarii*, or special slaves, whose duty it was to convey letters to their destination.

It was the practice with the Romans to place the names of both the writer and his correspondent at the commencement of the letter, as "Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ, unto Timothy, my own son in the faith;" and the ending usually consisted of the word *vale* or *ave* or *salve*. The dates were scrupulously added, and sometimes the very hours were mentioned. This method of the Romans might well be imitated by us, for we often find an old letter rendered of little value by the omission of a date. A bad habit that some writers indulge in is to use the name of the day of the week, instead of the day of the month and year.

Amongst ourselves, etiquette once placed her stern hands upon correspondence, and laid down rules of how a letter was to be written. Among persons pretending to any fashion it was considered proper to

use fine gilt paper, sealed with a coat of arms. Ladies used tinted paper with borders, and sealed their letters with coloured and perfumed wax. In town it was not the fashion to send letters or notes through the post, nor to put the address upon the envelope, for no one could be supposed to be ignorant of the abode of so distinguished a person as Lady Arabella Smith. The circle of fashionable life, however, has been so much enlarged and encroached upon, that most people now are forced to acknowledge their ignorance on such points. If we imagine that we should groan under these restrictions, what should we think of the etiquette enjoined in the East? There correspondence is carried on with many degrees of refinement. Letters are written by some accomplished scribe, on beautiful paper, and the sender's mark is placed in a particular position, according to the recognized status of his correspondent. The letter is folded by rule, and a florid superscription is added, such as, "Let this come under the consideration of the benefactor of his friends, the distinguished in the State, the renowned, the lion in battle, on whom be peace from the Most High." The following are two amusing specimens of the untrue complaisance common in Chinese correspondence:—

"To a Friend who has lately left another.

"Ten days have elapsed since I had the privilege of listening to your able instructions. Ere I was aware, I found my heart filled and choked with noxious weeds. Perhaps I shall have to thank you for favouring me with an epistle, in which I know your words will flow, limpid as the streams of pure water: then shall I instantly see the nature of things, and have my heart opened to understand."

"To a Friend at a distance.

"I am removed from your splendid virtues. I stand looking towards you with anxious expectation. There is nothing for me, but toiling along a dusty road. To receive your advice, as well as pay my respects, are both out of my power. In sleep my spirit dreams of you; it induces a kind of intoxication. I consider my virtuous brother a happy man, eminent and adorned with all rectitude. You are determined in your good purposes, and rejoice in the path of reason. You are always and increasingly happy. On this account I am rejoiced and consoled more than can be expressed."

We are not now so distant as formerly in the commencement of our letters, and use more friendly openings (such as "Dear Sir," "My dear Sir") then our fathers did. "Sir," alone, was once nearly universal, but is now usually considered cold. Even

Howell, who was most inventive in his endings, usually commences with *Sir*, although once he breaks forth with "Hail! half of my soul." Such beginnings as "Right worshipful Father," "Good Sir," "Honoured Sir," "Respected Sir," are quite out of date, but many writers adopt a variety in their commencements, and do not always follow the beaten track; thus the great Chatham wrote to his wife, "Be of cheer, noble love." In modern letters we miss the use of some of the quaint and loving expressions of former days, such a one for instance, as the good old word "heart," for is there not always a charm about an old letter beginning with the words "Dear Heart?"

The ending of a letter requires some taste, and many find it as difficult to close one gracefully as to finish conversation and leave a room with ease. The "I remain" requires to be led up to, and not to be added to the letter without connection. There is a large gamut of choice for endings, from the official "Your obedient servant," to the friendly "Yours truly," "Yours sincerely," and "Yours affectionately." Some persons vary the form, and slightly intensify the expression by placing the word "yours" last, as "Faithfully yours." James Howell used a great variety of endings, such as "Yours inviolably," "Yours intirely," "Your intire friend," "Yours verily and invariably," "Yours really," "Yours in no vulgar way of friendship," "Yours to dispose of," "Yours while J. H.," "Yours! Yours! Yours!" Walpole writes — "Yours very much," "Yours most cordially," and to Hannah More, in 1789, "Yours more and more." Mr. Bright some years ago ended a controversial letter in the following biting terms, "I am, sir, with whatever respect is due to you." The old Board of Commissioners of the Navy used a form of subscription very different from the ordinary official one. It was their habit to subscribe their letters (even letters of reproof) to such officers as were not of noble families or bore titles, "Your affectionate friends." It is said that this practice was discontinued in consequence of a distinguished captain adding to his letter to the Board, "Your affectionate friend." He was thereupon desired to discontinue the expression, when he replied, "I am, gentlemen, no longer your affectionate friend." The expression was supposed to have been adopted from James Duke of York, who, when Lord High Admiral, always so subscribed his official letters; but we have found a letter from the

Navy Office to the Officers of the Ordinance, dated "9th May, 1653," which is subscribed "Your very loving friends." The position of the writer's name was once a matter of consequence in Europe, as it is now in the East, and this appears from the following curious directions in Angel Day's "English Secretary" (1599).

"And now to the subscriptions, the diversities whereof are (as best they may be allotted in sense) to either of these to be placed, forwarned alwaies unto the unskillfull herein, that, writing to anie person of account, by how much the more excellent hee is in calling from him in whose behalfe the Letter is framed, by so much the lower shall the subscription thereunto belenging in any wise be placed.

"And if the state of honour of him to whome the Letter shall be directed doe require so much, the verie lowest margent of paper shall do no more but beare it, so bee it the space bee seemelie for the name, and the room faire enough to comprehend it."

We now come to the consideration of directions, and here a certain etiquette still lingers, as many who have no claim to any title are dignified by the addition of the meaningless &c., &c., &c. A friend of the once celebrated agriculturist, Sir John Sinclair, amusingly ridiculed the fancy that some men have for seeing a number of letters of the alphabet after their names, by directing his letter to "Sir John Sinclair, A.M., F.R.S., T.U.V.W.X.Y.Z." Besides the name of the person to whom the letter was sent, it was formerly the custom to write on the outside of a letter various directions to its bearer: thus a letter of the Earl of Hertford afterwards the Protector Somerset, to Sir William Paget, upon the death of Henry VIII., was addressed "Haste, Post Haste, Haste with all diligence, For thy life! For thy life!"

As long as letters have been written, the inadvertent misdirecting of them must have been a constant source of trouble and annoyance. In James I.'s reign a lover sent a letter intended for his mistress to an obdurate father, and his letter renouncing her to the lady. When he found out the dreadful mistake he had committed life became insupportable to him, and he threw himself upon his sword. Swift sent a love-letter to a bishop, and the letter intended for the bishop to the lady.

The celebrated civilian, Dr. Daley, was fortunate in the success of his expedient of purposely misdirecting his letters. When he was employed on a diplomatic mission to Flanders he was much pressed for money, and in a packet to the Secre-

tary of State he sent two letters, one for Queen Elizabeth and the other for his wife, which he misdirected, so that the letter for his wife was addressed to *her most excellent Majesty*, and that for the Queen to *his dear wife*. The Queen was surprised to find her letter beginning "Sweetheart," and concluding with a request to her to be very economical, as the writer could send her nothing because he was very short of money, and could not think of trespassing on the bounty of her Majesty any further. Dale was successful in his stratagem, as an immediate supply of money was sent to him and to his family.

There are three peculiarities in letter-writing that ladies indulge in, viz., crossing, postscripts, and the underlining of words. Disraeli makes Henrietta Temple advise her lover to cross his letters, and states her reasons as follows:—

"I shall never find the slightest difficulty in making it out, if your letters were crossed a thousand times. Besides, dear love, to tell the truth, I should rather like to experience a little difficulty in reading your letters, for I read them so often, over and over again, till I get them by heart, and it is such a delight every now and then to find out some new expression that escaped me in the first fever of perusal; and then it is sure to be some darling word fonder than all the rest."

Few men cross their writing, but many of them indulge in the luxury of a postscript, and some even when they have closed their letters think of a last word, and write it on the envelope. It is said that the underlining of words is a confession of weakness in the writer, because if he had used the best possible word he would not need to give it extra force by the mere mechanical contrivance of under-scoring it with a pen.

Letters written in the third person are a constant snare to some people and usually lead to confusion. This form can only be used with safety in very short letters.

Frequently a short note contains more pith than a longer letter, and Politian's letter to his friend well exemplifies this: "I was very sorry, and am very glad, because thou wast sick, and that thou art whole. Farewell." One of the most spirited letters ever written, was that sent by Ann, Countess of Dorset, to Sir Joseph Williamson, Secretary of State in Charles the Second's reign, when he wrote to her to choose a courtier as member for Appleby:—

"I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been ill-treated by a court, but I won't be dictated to by a subject. Your man shall not stand.

ANN DORSET, Pembroke and Montgomery."

The following note from one Highlander to another is very pointed and witty:—

"MY DEAR GLENGARY, — As soon as you can prove yourself to be my chief I shall be ready to acknowledge you. In the meantime,

"I am yours MACDONALD."

Charles Lamb being tickled by the oddity of Haydon's address, sent him the following reply to an invitation:—

"MY DEAR HAYDON, — I will come with pleasure to 22, Lisson Grove North, at Rossi's, half-way up, right hand side, if I can find it.

"Yours, C. LAMB.

"20, Russel Court,

"Covent Garden East,

"Half-way up, next the corner,

"Left hand side."

Ignorant people when they manage to write a letter are usually very proud of their performance, and this is illustrated by a very good story in the Countess Spencer's "East and West." A lady proposed to Mrs. Law, a poor woman in St. Peter's Home, Kilburn, that she should write to Lady E., who had been very kind to her. She had some doubts at first, but they passed away, and she dictated a letter which is given, and the narrator adds:—

"Having finished it to her evident pride, I offered to read it to her; but I hardly got down the first page when she became so deeply affected by her own eloquence, that she began to cry and look herself backwards and forwards. I persevered, and when I had read the last word, paused, not knowing what to say to this unexpected grief. Mrs. Law put down her handkerchief, and shaking her head very seriously, said, 'Well, now, that is a lovely letter! It's a great denial to me that I can't write, or I'd send plenty like it.'"

It is usually supposed that writing comes natural to all, but we are often led to agree with Sheridan that "easy writing is cursed hard reading," and the highest art is often required to be thoroughly natural. The Irish hodman, however, managed to express in a fine confused way his inner feeling, that he himself was little better than a machine:—

"DEAR PAT, — Come over here and earn your money: there is nothing for you to do but to carry the bricks up a ladder, for there is a man at the top who takes them from you and does all the work."

Excuses of hurry, with expressions of fear lest the post should be lost, and such endings as "yours in haste," should seldom be indulged in, as they partake somewhat of the character of a slight to the receiver. The letters of ladies are usually more natural and unconstrained than those of men, and these are great merits, for the real man or woman should be seen in the letter. Locke says:—

"The writing of letters enters so much into all the occasions of life, that no gentleman can avoid showing himself in compositions of this kind. Occurrences will daily force him to make use of his pen, which lays open his breeding, his sense, and his abilities to a severer examination than any oral discourse."

The deficiency of ordinary people in the art has long been felt, and complete letter-writers have been compiled to supply the want. Sir Henry Ellis has pointed out that manuals of epistolary composition, both in French and English, of the early part of the fifteenth century, exist in manuscript. The "English Secretary," published in 1599, is perhaps the earliest work on the subject in print. The voluminous author, Jervis Markham, brought out in 1618 a guide, with the following title: "Conceited letters: or a most excellent Bundle of New Wit, wherein is knit up together all the perfections of the Art of Epistoling." The booksellers, Rivington and Osborne, applied to Samuel Richardson to write for them a volume of letters in a simple style, on subjects that might serve as models for the use of those who had not the talent of inditing for themselves. While employed in composing some letters for the benefit of girls going out to service, the idea of "Pamela" came into Richardson's head, and the subsequent success of that novel caused him to continue the mode of telling his stories by letters, which he had there adopted.

In entering upon the consideration of special classes of letters, we will take love-letters first. This is a style of literature of which the outer public have few opportunities of judging, and doubtless it is one that is not fitted for rigid examination. Those love-letters that we read in the reports of breach-of-promise cases are usually beneath contempt; they are often unreal, and make us sick with references to Venus and Cupid, goddesses and nymphs, and many other absurdities. There are, however, existing some interesting letters of the reckless Earl of Rochester to his wife, which exhibit him in a new and pleasing character. The following breathes a ten-

der consideration to which few are able to rise :—

"I kiss my deare wife a thousand times, as farr as imagination and wish will give mee leave. Thinke upon mee as long as it is pleasant and convenient for you to doe soe, and afterwards forget me; for though I would faine make you the author and foundation of my happiness, yet I would not bee the cause of your constraint or disturbance, for I love not myself soe much as I doe you, neither doe I value my owne satisfaction equally as I doe yours

"Farewell, ROCHESTER."

As Sterne was making love to women throughout his entire life, we suppose he may be considered as an authority on how a love-letter should be written, and here is a specimen of his style :—

"MY DEAR KITTY, — If this billet catches you in bed, you are a lazy, sleepy slut, and I am a giddy, foolish, unthinking fellow for keeping you so late up — but this Sabbath is a day of rest; at the same time that it is a day of sorrow, for I shall not see my dear creature to-day, unless you meet me at Taylor's, half-an-hour after twelve; but in this do as you like. I have ordered Matthew to turn thief and steal you a quart of honey — what is honey to the sweetness of thee, who art sweeter than all the flowers it comes from! I love you to distraction, Kitty, and will love you on so to eternity. So adieu, and believe, what time will only prove me, that I am,

Yours."

Sir Richard Steele had for his second wife a woman who was difficult to please, and the collection of his letters to her give us a curious insight into his domestic life. They are mostly short, but filled with excuses. The following are three of them :—

"DEAREST BEING ON EARTH, — Pardon me if you do not see me till eleven o'clock; having met a school-fellow from India, by whom I am to be informed in things this night which immediately concern your obedient husband."

"MY DEAR, DEAR WIFE, — I write to let you know I do not come home to dinner, being obliged to attend some business abroad, of which I shall give you an account (when I see you in the evening), as becomes your dutiful and obedient husband."

"DEAR PRUE, — I have partly succeeded in my business to-day, and I inclose two guineas as earnest of more. Dear Prue, I cannot come home to dinner. I languish after your welfare and will never be a moment careless more.

Your faithful husband."

These are natural and real; but let us look into "The Enemy of Idleness," 1621, and see there what the author thought a lover should write to his mistress :—

"A Lover writeth unto his Lady.

"To expresse unto thee (my deere) the inward griefes, the secret sorrowes, the pinching paines, that my poore oppressed heart pittifully endureth, my pen is altogether unable. For even as thy excellent vertue, beautie, comelines, and curtesie farre surmounteth in my conceipt that of all other humane creatures, so my pitious passions. both day and night are no whit inferiour, but farre above all those of any other worldly wight. So excell not thy giftes, but as much excede my griefes. Therefore (my sweete) vouchsafe of thy soveraigne clemencie to graunt some speedie remedie unto the grievous anguish of my heaveie heart; detract no time, but wey with thy selfe, the sicker that the patient is — the more deadly that his disease is deemed — so much the more speede ought the physitian to make — so much the sooner aught he to provide and minister the medicine, least comming too late his labour be lost. But what painefull patient is hee that sustaineth so troublesome a state as I, poore soule, doe, except thou vouchsafe to pittie me? For the partie patient being discomforted at thy handes can have recourse unto none, but still languishing must looke for a lothsome death. Consider, therefore, my deare, the extremitie of my case, and let not cancred cruelty corrupt so many golden giftes, but as thy beauty and comelinesse of body is, so set thy humanity also and clemency of minde. Draw not (as the proverb saith) a leaden sword out of a golden scabbard. And thus hoping to have some speedy comfort at thy handes, upon that hope I repose mee till further opportunity."

The fair fame of Mrs. Piozzi (Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Thrale) has been injured by an attempt to represent her as in love with a young actor in her old age, and some letters of hers to William Augustus Conway were published a few years ago as the "Love Letters of Mrs. Piozzi." In 1832 the original correspondence was placed in the hands of the editor of the *Athenæum*, and in an article in that journal her character is vindicated, and the letters are proved to have been garbled in order to infer a sexual love. Mrs. Piozzi formed an intimate friendship with Mrs. Rudd, Conway's mother, and the two ladies passed much of their time together, consulting how to help the young actor. Conway was in love with a young lady who jilted him, and Mrs. Piozzi tried to comfort him. In consideration of all her kindness he calls her "his more than mother," and she calls him "her youngest adopted child." The following is one of Mrs. Piozzi's letters to Conway :—

"You have been a luckless wight, my admirable friend, but amends will one day be made to you, even in this world; I know, I feel it will.

Dear Pionzi considered himself as cruelly treated and so he was by his own friends, as the world perversely calls our relations, who shut their door in his face: because his love of music led him to face the public eye and ear. He was brought up to the Church; but, 'Ah! Gabriel,' said his uncle, 'thou wilt never get nearer the altar than the organ-loft.' His disinclination to celibacy, however, kept him from the black gown, and their ill-humour drove him to Paris and London, where he was the first tenor singer who had £50 a night for two songs. And Queen Marie Antoinette gave him a hundred louis-d'ors with her own fair hand for singing a buffo song over and over again one evening, till she learned it. Her cruel death half broke his tender heart. You will not wait, as he did, for fortune and for fame. We were both of us past thirty-five years old when we first met in society at Dr. Burney's (grandfather to Mrs. Bourdois and her sisters), where I coldly confessed his uncommon beauty and talents; but my heart was not at home. Mr. Thrale's broken health and complicated affairs demanded and possessed all my attention, and vainly did my future husband endeavour to attract my attention. So runs the world away."

Among the letters quoted in the *Athenæum* is the following amusing one:—

"While there was so much talk about the town concerning mal-administration, some of the Streatham coterie, in a quibbling humour, professed themselves weary of *male*-administration, as they pronounced it emphatically, and proposing a *female* one, called on Dr. Johnson to arrange it. 'Well then,' said he, 'we will have Carter for Archbishop of Canterbury. Montague, First Lord of the Treasury. Hon. Sophia Byron, Head of the Admiralty. Heralds' Office under care of Miss Owen. Manager of the House of Commons, Mrs. Crewe.

Mrs. Wedderburne, Lord Chancellor.

Mrs. Wallace, Attorney-General.

Preceptor to the Princes, Mrs. Chapone.

Poet Laureate, Hannah More."

'And no place for me, Dr. Johnson?' cried your friend. 'No, no: you will get into Parliament by your little silver tongue, and then rise by your own merit.' 'And what shall I do?' exclaims Fanny Burney. 'Oh, we shall send you out for a *spy*, and perhaps you will get *hanged*. Ha, ha, ha!' with a loud laugh."

Having thus noted what may be said about love, let us turn to the opposite feeling, and see what may be written under the influence of hate.

"Ungracious offspring of hellish brood, whome heavens permit for a plague, and the earth nourisheth as a peculiar mischief, monster of mankind and devourer of men, what may I tearme thee? With what ill-sounding

titles maie I raise myselfe upon thee? Thou scorne of the world, and not scorne, but worlde's foule disdaine, and enemye of all humane condition, shall thy villanies scape for ever unpunished? Will the earth yet support thee, the clouds shadow thee, or the aire breath on thee? What lawes be these, if at leastwise such may be tearmed lawes, whereout so vile a wretch hathe so manie evasions? But shalt thou longer live to become the vexation and griefe of men? No; for I protest, though the lawes doe faile thee, myselfe will not overslip thee. I, I am hee that will plague thee, thou shalt not scape me. I will be revenged of thee. Thinke not thy injuries are so easie that they are of all to bee supported; for no sooner shall that parched, withered carcase of thine sende forth thy hatefull and abhorred lookes into anie publicke shew, but mine eyes shall watch thee and I will not leave thee till I have prosecuted that which I have intended towards thee, most unwoorthie as thou art to breath amongst men, which art hated and become lothsome even in the verie bowels and thoughtes of men. Triumph, then, in thy mischiefes, and boast that thou hast undone mee and a number of others, whom with farre lesse despiht thou hast forced to bend unto thee; and when by due deserte I shall have payed what I have promised thee, vaunt then (in God's name) of thy winnings. For my part—but I will saie no more, let the end trie all. Live wretchedlie and die villainously, as thou hast deserved, whome heavens henceforth doe shunne, and the world denieth longer to looke upon."

This is the model that Angel Day, in his "English Secretary" (1599), thinks suitable for "a hot enraged spirit" to write to his adversary.

Most persons at some time in their lives are called upon to write letters of condolence, but it is usually found to be a difficult task. However well the writer may succeed, he must feel how inadequate words are to give relief to a troubled spirit, and it is only inasmuch as he shows his own heart and sympathy that he is successful in his attempt. When Alexander Lindsay, Earl of Balcarres, died, a few months before the Restoration, Charles II., who was then at Bruxelles, wrote the following kindly letter to the widow, Lady Anna Mackenzie:—

"Madame,—I hope you are so well persuaded of my kindness to you as to believe that there can no misfortune happen to you and I not have my share in it. I assure you I am troubled at the loss you have had; and I hope that God will be pleased to put me into such a condition before it be long, as I may let you see the care I intend to have of you and your children, and that you may depend upon my being very truly, madame,

"Your affectionate, CHARLES R."

Letters of thanks are frequently difficult things to write well, as it is a hard matter to appear grateful for the present of something that we do not want. Talleyrand made a practice of instantly acknowledging the receipt of books sent to him; for he could then express the pleasure he expected to enjoy in reading the volume, but if he delayed he thought it would be necessary to give an opinion, and that might sometimes be embarrassing. A celebrated botanist used to return thanks somewhat in the following form:—"I have received your book, and shall lose no time in reading it." The unfortunate author might put his own construction on this rather ambiguous language. When Southey published his "Doctor" anonymously, he gave directions to his publishers to send all letters directed for the author to Theodore Hook, and the following letter from Southey himself was found among Hook's papers:—

"Sir,—I have to thank you for a copy of the 'Doctor,' &c, bearing my name imprinted in rubrick letters on the reverse of the title-page. That I should be gratified by this flattering and unusual distinction you have rightly supposed; and that the book itself would amuse me by its wit, tickle me by its humour, and afford me gratification of a higher kind in its serious parts is what you cannot have doubted. Whether my thanks for this curiosity in literature will go to the veteran in literature,* who of all living men is the most versed, both in curious and fine letters; whether they will cross the Alps to an old incognito, † who has the stores of Italian poetry at command; whether they will find the author in London, ‡ surrounded with treasures of ancient and modern art, in an abode as elegant as his own volumes; or wheresoever the roving shaft which is sure to reach its mark may light, the personage, be he friend, acquaintance or stranger, to whose hands it comes is assured that his volumes have been perused with great pleasure by his obliged and obedient servant,

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

One of the most elegant letters of thanks we have met with is now before us. It was written by Lord Lytton soon after the publication of his "Zanoni."

"DEAR SIR,—I am extremely pleased and flattered by the attention with which you have read, and the marks of approval with which you have honoured, 'Zanoni.' Allow me to wish to yourself a similar compliment from some reader as courteous and as accomplished as yourself,

you will then judge of the gratification you have afforded to your very truly obliged,

E. B. LYTTON."

Begging letters are hardly a branch of literature, although great ingenuity is frequently exhibited in their composition; but a sufficient number of them can be seen in the "Mendicity Society's Reports." W. F., the author of the "Enemy of Idleness," 1621, gives the following directions how to ask a favour:—

"As concerning the manner how to demand temporall things, as a booke, a horse, or such like, the letter must be divided into foure partes. First, wee must get the goodwill of him to whome wee write by praising his liberality, and specially of the power and authority that hee hath to grant the thing that hee is demanded. Secondly, we must declare our demand and request to bee honest and necessary, and without the which wee cannot atchieve our determinate end and purpose. Thirdly, that the request is easie to be granted considering his ability, and that in a most difficult thing his liberality is ordinarily, expressed. Fourthly, to promise recompence; as thanks, service, &c."

Some men have very obdurate hearts, and will not be moved by any such language. Jeffrey had a form of refusal which must have been very tantalizing to his correspondents. He managed to bring the sentence "I have much pleasure in subscribing" to the end of the first page, and then added, on the opposite side "myself, yours faithfully, F. Jeffrey."

Charles Lamb wrote upon books that are not books, or those that "no gentleman's library should be without." In the same way there are letters that are not letters, and of such are the political letters of Junius, Pascal's "Provincial Letters," Swift's "Drapier's Letters," and all essays, disquisitions, and satires which are merely thrown into the epistolary form. Some historical letters are in the same category; because, although the letters of such men as Cromwell, Marlborough, Nelson, Franklin, Washington, and Wellington must always interest us, we read them more for the matter that is in them than for the form in which they are thrown. The following letter from the Princess Mary (afterwards Queen of England) to the wife of the Protector Somerset, is an exception to the above rule, and exhibits its writer in an amiable light, as interceding for two poor servants who were formerly attached to her mother's household, and who had fallen into poverty:—

* Disraeli.

† Mathias.

‡ Rogers.

"To my Lady of Somerset.

"My good Gossip,—After my very hearty commendations to you, with like desire to hear of the amendment and increase of your good health, these shall be to put you in remembrance of mine old suit concerning Richard Wood, who was my mother's servant when you were one of her Grace's maids; and as you know by his supplication, hath sustained great loss, almost to his utter undoing, without any recompense for the same hitherto; which forced me to trouble you with this suit before this time, whereof (I thank you) I had a very good answer; desiring you now to renew the same matter to my lord your husband, for I consider that it is in manner impossible for him to remember all such matters, having such a heap of business as he hath. Wherefore, I heartily require you to go forward in this suit till you have brought it to an honest end, for the poor man is not able to lye long in the city. And thus my good Nan I trouble you both with myself and all mine, thanking you with all my heart for your earnest gentleness towards me in all my suits hitherto, reckoning myself out of doubt of the continuance of the same. Wherefore, once again I must trouble you with my poor George Brickhouse, who was an officer of my brother's wardrobe of the beds, from the time of the king my father's coronation; whose only desire it is to be one of the knights of Windsor if all the rooms be not filled, and if they be, to have the next reversion; in the obtaining whereof, in mine opinion you shall do a charitable deed, as knoweth Almighty God, who send you good health, and us shortly to meet, to his pleasure. From St. John's, this Sunday at afternoon, being the 24th of April.

"Your loving friend during my life.

"MARYE."*

The duchess to whom the above letter was written was very haughty, and held her head higher than the Queen-dowager, who had married the Protector's brother, Lord Seymour of Sudeley, the Lord High Admiral. Lloyd says, "Very great were the animosities betwixt their wives, the duchess refusing to bear the queen's train, and in effect jostled her for precedence, so that between the train of the queen and long gown of the duchess they raised so much dust at court as at last to put out the eyes of both their husbands."

Men of position and fame must often groan under the affliction of letters and other applications that are constantly besetting them. Sir Walter Scott was frequently victimized in this way, and once he was so unfortunate as to have to pay £5 postage for a large packet from New York, which contained a MS. play, by a

young lady, intended for his perusal, and accompanied with a request that he would read and correct it, write a prologue and epilogue for it, procure it a good reception from the manager of Drury Lane, and make Murray or Constable bleed handsomely for the copyright. A fortnight after he received another packet, for which he paid the same amount, which contained a second copy of the "Cherokee Indians," with a letter from the authoress stating, that as the winds had been bolsterous she feared the first packet had foundered.

The managers of theatres are peculiarly troubled with applications that they are unable to accede to, and authors often think that those who do not rate their productions as highly as they do themselves must be actuated by unworthy motives. The following letter from F. Yates exhibits some of a manager's troubles:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I this moment have received your letter, which has given me more pain than I can describe to you: I do assure you that, from the little I have known of you, you are the last man in the world whose feelings I would wound. Your note came to me yesterday at rehearsal; I answered it, enclosing two orders, stating I could not afford more, and explained myself in the following manner about 'Love at Home,' viz:—That, as there was no chance of our being able to produce such a piece for some time, I thought it better to return it you, or words to that effect. This note I put in the person's hands who gave me yours; who it was, I can't recollect. You know what last rehearsals are to a manager sitting at the prompter's table. This morning, when I was in bed, the servant came with your card, and in answer to your note I could only fancy you wanted your piece, and desired her to wrap it up and give it the messenger. I confess I should have seen to its being properly enveloped, but you can make excuse for a fatigued man, who hears of nothing but manuscripts from morning to night. I am most anxious that you should acquit me, and believe me with truth to be yours,

"With much esteem,

"FRED. YATES."

Managers are not the only persons who are troubled by the application of authors, and the following letter from Liston (dated 1833) shows us how he refused to perform an unpleasant task:—

"SIR,—The repeated annoyances I have been subjected to, by undertaking to read pieces at the desire of authors and managers, have determined me to avoid for the future so unpleasant a task, and I therefore trust you will not take offence, if, in pursuance of that determination, I feel myself compelled to decline a compliancy with your request. Mme. Vestris will, I have no doubt, pay every attention to your pro-

* Tytler's "England under Edward VI. and Mary," 1839, vol. i. p. 48.

duction should you feel disposed to entrust it to her, and in the event of my having a character assigned me you may be satisfied that I will do my duty, both to you and to the theatre. I would have answered you earlier, but I have not had five minutes at my own disposal for the last three weeks."

Besides the trouble of reading new plays, managers have to bear with the offended dignity of the actors. The following irate letter of Elliston (Charles Lamb's Elliston) shows what they have occasionally to put up with:—

"SIR, — Your information respecting the 'School for Scandal,' which I received last night, is happily imagined to fill up the measure of disrespect which seems to have been studiously offered to me since I have been in the new Drury Lane Theatre. You cannot be ignorant that I have always played the part of 'Charles' with the Drury Lane company, and Mr. Arnold, when I met him on Kew Bridge previous to the opening of Drury Lane, and when it was in contemplation to open the new theatre with Mr. Sheridan's brilliant play, distinctly told me in answer to a question I put to him, that I should be expected to play 'Charles.' Under these circumstances I cannot but conceive the cool mode in which I am asked, without request, to be ready for the eldest brother, to be an insult. To oblige the committee and to serve the interests of the concern, I think I have already sufficiently manifested [my desire] by the acceptance of a very inferior part in the tragedy, and by my suppression of complaint where complaint was almost peremptorily called for; but there are bounds beyond which it would be contemptible for patience to show itself; I enter, therefore, a decided protest against this your last proceeding, and expect that for the future it may constitute a part of yours and Mr. Arnold's management to show me a little more good manners than your natures have hitherto permitted."

Although a great number of letters have been printed, there must be an immense mass of unprinted ones that ought to see the light, and would add much to our information. We should like to see all the known correspondence of the world over-

hauled, re-arranged, and extracted under heads. By this means we should gain new views of the characters of men, and the high and dry description of action would be supplemented by vivid touches of feeling that would breathe life into the dry bones of history. Some such scheme as this was hinted at by Dr. Maitland, in his work on the "Dark Ages."

We must now, however, bring our subject to a close, ere we have exhausted the patience of our readers; but we do so with reluctance, for the number of letters that we should like to quote are numberless. We think that there is a peculiar pleasure in being taken into the confidence of the great ones of the earth, of those who are great by birth, by genius, and by worth; and we can imagine few greater literary treats than to turn over a well-arranged collection of autograph letters, which have been selected for the interest of their contents as well as for the celebrity of the writers. We feel suddenly taken out of ourselves and transplanted into a brilliant society, and we rise with the feeling that our list of acquaintances and friends has been enlarged by some of the best and greatest that have walked the earth. We have only left ourselves room to say a few words on Mr. Seton's book, but those words must be in its praise. The author has succeeded in putting together some very interesting and amusing essays on "Letters and Letter-writers;" but as the subject is a large one, and the illustrations for it are peculiarly rich, we have preferred to make a selection of our own instead of using those that Mr. Seton has collected.

In conclusion, we cannot but express the pride we feel in the belief that our countrymen and countrywomen have added so many charming chapters to this branch of the great literature of the world: chapters that will bear comparison with those produced by the writers of any other country.

THE Madras Government have sanctioned an advance of 2,000 rupees, being part of the expenditure on account of their assistant astronomer, who is to proceed to England, in order to undergo the necessary training in celestial photography. He is to return to Madras, fully primed, in December next, in time for the total eclipse of the sun, which is to take place on the 12th of that month, and will be prepared to

take photographs of the different phases of the phenomenon.

Times of India.

THE difficulty in life, is the same as the difficulty in grammar — to know when to make the exceptions to the rules.

Arthur Helps.

CHAPTER VIII.

Two or three days passed, and Miss Brown only grew more and more perplexed and uncomfortable. She felt that she ought to give her answer, and she was more and more sure that she did not want to say Yes. But then, if she refused him! First of all, there was the pain which she would give. He had come to call on her since her return home, and had plainly shewed that he was anxious. It seemed unfair to prolong his anxiety and suspense without meaning to recompense him for them. Mrs. Lorimer had also called, and had been unusually gentle and conciliating, with a sort of sisterly affectionateness of manner, which seemed to say, that she was sure they were going to be sisters. And she had talked of the children, her "dear little nieces;" of her anxiety that they should be in good hands, and of the love which they had suddenly evinced for Cousin Priscilla. Once even — though in such a round-about way that it would have been difficult to reply to it — she had hinted at the advisability of Miss Brown's intrusting her fortune as well as herself to such judicious hands as those now ready to take charge of them. "In these days, my dear Priscilla, it is a terrible responsibility for a single woman to have to look after her own property. Even I find it as much as I can do to attend to the little business connected with my small jointure. And if I had a great sum to think of, really, what with all these dreadful railways and joint-stock companies, and fraudulent schemes of all kinds to rob people of their money, I shouldn't have a moment's peace. And one hears such terrible stories about lawyers and men of business — really, there's no knowing whom to trust."

And then Miss Brown was very lonely. She missed the friendly sociability of Elm Grove. She found her house very dull; and she thought a good deal of Mrs. Barker, and of how lonely and unhappy *she* had been in spite of all this money. She did not think she could ever be so discontented and unhappy as poor Mrs. Barker; but still it was dull to live alone. "I wish Robert had not asked me," she thought. "I could have paid them long visits at Elm Grove. I should have liked that; but now I can't go there comfortably again, if I refuse him."

She began to think that, on the whole, she was wrong not to accept what was offered her. What had she to do with any lingering girlish sentimentality? It was

her business as a sensible woman to consider her position fairly, to acknowledge, as she had already acknowledged to herself, that she did shrink from the thought of a lonely, loveless old age. Was it not even ungrateful to Providence thus wilfully to reject the very lot for which she had once so passionately prayed? What if this lot were not exactly what she had once pictured! What right had she to expect that it could be so? She was proffered a secure home, an honourable position, a sphere of interest and usefulness, such as, with her shrinking, timid temper, she could never find for herself if she continued to live single. Was she to put aside all this because she had lately begun to regret, so vainly, the mistake which she had made long ago? She might see clearly enough now that she had been very blind then. She might wish that she had given her love then to the one she now knew to have been the more worthy of it; but it was no use. The choice would not be offered her again. If she married anybody now, it must be Robert Dixon.

"I believe, on the whole, it will be best for me to take him," she thought. "I cannot bear to lose the only friends I have got — the only people who seem really to care for me. What is done, is done. He was so good — there was no one like him. Ah, how clearly I seem to see all that now! But why should I keep thinking of him? I don't know what has become of him; I shall never know. It does not signify to me now."

She had been at home a few days, when one morning she got a visit from Mr. Finch, her lawyer. He said he had brought a letter to shew her.

"It is from Major Fortescue's lawyer," he said, with a shrug, and with a look as if he meant to prepare her for something disagreeable. Then he took out the letter and opened it.

"Who is Major Fortescue?" she asked.

He looked at her in surprise. "Major Fortescue! Why, Miss Brown, surely Mr. Dixon has told you about Major Fortescue! He was to do so; at least I understood him to say so."

"I have not been told anything, so far as I can remember," she replied nervously, recollecting her stupidity and want of memory for business details.

"Well, it's very odd. Of course, I thought you knew all about it."

"Major Fortescue!" she repeated thoughtfully; surely I have heard the name."

"Major Fortescue is the person to whom

—hem—well, I suppose there's no doubt of that, at least—Mr. Barker—Mrs. Barker's husband, you know—intended to leave his money."

Miss Brown looked so bewildered, that Mr. Finch, seeing she understood nothing, explained the case to her.

Mrs. Barker's money had been left to her by her husband. But shortly before his death, he had made another will, by which he gave his widow only the life interest of his fortune, directing that, at her death, it should go to a distant relation of his own, a Mr. or Captain Fortescue. This will had been duly drawn out; but Mr. Barker had died suddenly, and without signing it. It was therefore put aside as worthless, and Mrs. Barker succeeded to the money according to the terms of the former will. The second one, however, had not been destroyed, and had been found amongst Mrs. Barker's papers. It seemed as if she had hesitated between her inclination to carry out her husband's clearly expressed wishes, and her own dislike to the man who was to benefit by them. The latter feeling had prevailed; but still she had kept the useless will—why, no one could tell.

It seemed that Mr. Barker's intentions in favour of his relative had been made known to the latter. Major Fortescue was in India; and on hearing of Mrs. Barker's death, but nothing of what had become of the fortune to which he understood himself to be entitled, he had written to make inquiries about it. And he had heard that the money had been left by Mrs. Barker to a friend of her own—as report said, a sort of humble companion, who had got round her during her last years, and cajoled her into making a will, which, at first, Major Fortescue believed he had only to dispute in order to get set aside. He was a poor man, and not inclined patiently to submit to his disappointment. From the information he had received, he was led to believe that Mrs. Barker had fallen under the influence of a designing, covetous woman, who had forced the old lady into making a will which directly contradicted not only her husband's wishes, but expressions which she herself was known formerly to have used, to the effect that it should be her care to fulfil his last intentions. The money was worth fighting for; and Major Fortescue determined to come home, and try his cause. The present letter contained an intimation of his design.

Miss Brown sat and listened in petrified astonishment. "Why was I not told of this before?" she said at last.

Then Mr. Finch said that the affair be-

ing an unpleasant one, her cousin, Mr. Dixon had proposed to undertake the full explanation of it to her. "In such a case," continued Mr. Finch, "a relation and confidential friend could offer better advice than a mere man of business could do."

"But what ought I to do?" And Miss Brown looked at him in her old helpless, alarmed way.

He fidgeted a little. He wished Mr. Dixon had done as he had certainly seemed to intend doing. "Well, Miss Brown, all I can say is, that Mrs. Barker's will in your favour cannot, in my opinion, be set aside. You are perfectly safe. If Major Fortescue goes to law with you"—

"Oh, I cannot go to law!"

"But if Major Fortescue claims this fortune, you *must* go to law, if you mean to defend your rights. And, of course, it is my duty to tell you, if you ask my advice, that I think you need not fear the result. Mr. Barker's last will is, in law, useless."

"But why, then, should Major Fortescue?"

"Major Fortescue can only hope to prove that undue influence was used to make Mrs. Barker leave you the money. Mrs. Barker, too, was a peculiar woman, and her peculiarities may be exaggerated so as to make it appear that she was not in her right mind when she made her will."

"You mean that they will prove that she was out of her mind!" exclaimed Miss Brown in horror. "Oh, they could not do such a wicked thing! She was curious, poor woman, but she was as sane as I am to the last day of her life."

"Yes, I believe there can be no doubt of that. I believe that any attempt to dispute her will on such grounds will break down. But Major Fortescue has evidently been misinformed on some points, and he fancies the case is worth trying. I can't see that he has any chance; and you need not be alarmed, even if he persists in his intention. The money belonged to Mrs. Barker; and even if he were to prove himself *her* direct heir-at-law—for it seems he was related to her as well as to her husband—still, in my opinion, he cannot prove that she had not perfect liberty to do as she liked with it. This, you will understand, is simply a lawyer's view of the matter. I am only your lawyer; I should have been better pleased if your cousin, Mr. Dixon, had talked this over with you at first, as I certainly understood he was to do."

Miss Brown said nothing.

After a pause, Mr. Finch told her that he would see her again next day, and hear

her further instructions. Then he got up, and took his leave. In his own mind, he was a good deal annoyed. Mr. Dixon had not behaved fairly either to him or to Miss Brown; but he was aware that some responsibility would be thrown on himself. "If it does come to a lawsuit," he thought, "the case may be made to look awkward, even though my client gets the best of it."

That afternoon, Mr. Dixon received a note from his cousin, saying she wished to see him. With a feeling of pleasant exultation—for he thought he was sent for to hear the answer to his proposal, and that this answer would be in his favour, he now hardly doubted—he set off towards her house. On the way, he turned over in his mind two or three schemes for the disposal of her money which he had been lately considering, and, having decided on which was the most advisable, he knocked at her door with the satisfactory conviction in his mind that, when he came out of that door again, it would be as the future possessor of her hand and fortune. And both possessions had lately obtained increased value in his eyes, since he had been made to wait in a little uncertainty about them.

Miss Brown was not in her drawing-room. He looked round the pretty, comfortable room, comparing it with the poor little parlour in which she had been sitting when he came to tell her of her good fortune, and with a softer, tenderer feeling in his own heart towards her as he reflected that she was going to give up her own pleasant, independent position for his sake. The air of the room too, its grace and refinement, pleased him. The mistress of this room would be a pleasant and satisfactory mistress of his house. She came in. He thought he had never seen any woman enter a room with such a graceful, gentle, yet dignified bearing! He wondered how he had during the last twenty years forgotten how pretty she had been—how pretty she still was, with her fair skin, and smooth, still brown hair, and sweet grave eyes! A curious, almost shy lover-like feeling came over him. He did not speak as he shook hands with her, but he felt happier than he seemed to have felt since he had been a boy, as he obeyed her sign and took a chair near her.

"I wanted to see you, Robert. Mr. Finch was here this morning. He has been telling me something I did not know, something I wish I had known sooner." Then she told him what she had heard.

"Well," he said, after she had finished, and they had both sat silent for a minute.

He had been trying to think how he could best account to her for not having kept his word to Mr. Finch and told her of this at first. He saw that even though she did not like to reproach him openly, her grave, gentle manner expressed displeasure at him for his silence. And now he was curiously, sensitively afraid of her displeasure. What could he say to her? How could he tell her that he had feared stirring up in her slow, unbusiness-like mind any doubts about the perfect legality of her claim to the money, until part at least of that money had been safely lodged in his own bank? At first, it had been a mere prudent piece of calculation on his part, mingled with a dislike to troubling himself with explaining things to her which it scarcely mattered whether she knew or not, seeing that her own legal claim to her fortune was untouched. Later, he had felt the awkwardness of entering on the subject, and had hoped that no more would be said about it. But now he must excuse himself in some way.

"Well, Priscilla—I'm sorry Mr. Finch understood that I was to explain all this story to you, as it has prevented his doing so sooner."

"But you did tell him, did you not, Robert, that you were to explain it to me?"

"Oh, I might have said something. Probably he misunderstood me."

"But I remember hearing you say, the very first day that you and Mr. Finch came to talk to me about my money, you know, that you would explain everything to me. You did say so, Robert." Miss Brown's voice was very gentle, but strangely firm, and she was very pale and calm. Something in her expression startled him.

"Priscilla—I am very sorry—you will believe me. I am sorry I didn't save you this annoyance. You're right. I should have told you all this stupid story about Major Fortescue at first. But I didn't want to worry you; there was no use for it, you know. If I had thought it would have annoyed you afterwards"—

She interrupted his hurried, eager excuses in her quiet way. "Never mind now, Robert; it can't be helped now. If I had known at first"—

"Well, of course, it might have been better if you had known. But, as you say, we can't help that now; and besides, you know, it really does not signify. As to this man's going to law with you, I can't think he will be such a fool as to do that."

"I understand things better now," Miss Brown said, not replying to him. "I've

been thinking over it all. I can remember things Mrs. Barker said, which I didn't understand at the time. I remember one thing in particular. It was when she was dying. She could hardly speak, but I saw there was something on her mind. I tried to find out what it was; and I could just make out that it was something about a paper and her husband. I thought her mind was wandering. Now that I recall her broken words, I feel sure she had this on her mind — that she felt she had done wrong about this will of hers, leaving everything to me. I recollect her saying one day — long ago, when she was in health — that Mr. Barker had been such a good husband to her, and that she would take care to carry out his wishes in everything, whatever it cost her. I know she disliked his relations. I remember hearing her speak of one — I think it must have been this very Major Fortescue, but I had forgotten the name." —

"Well, Priscilla," interrupted Mr. Dixon uncomfortably — he did not like all these inconvenient reminiscences, and hoped she would in future keep them to herself — "well — however it was, the money has been fairly and legally left to you, and no one can dispute that now."

"It has not been fairly left to me."

"Oh, nonsense! My dear Priscilla, you mustn't worry yourself with these morbid scruples."

She looked at him half-sadly. "Robert, I thought you would help me."

"Help you!" he said eagerly. "Of course I'll help you. Priscilla, my dear Priscilla, you know what I've offered you. You'll give me your answer now. You'll agree to marry me — the sooner the better. And then I'll take the whole management of the business, and you shall have no more trouble and worry. Come now; let us fix the day at once. I'm dying to have you back at Elm Grove. Once you are there with me, everything will be right."

If she had not been quite sure before about his having any real affection for her, she could not doubt it now. His anxiety, his earnestness, made his strong voice tremble and his eyes moisten. For a moment she was shaken, and her consent was very nearly won. How could she bear to refuse him? Her heart longed for the rest and peace of a sure home; and surely she could trust to his love for her now.

"You'll agree, Priscilla; you'll let me arrange everything. Say you agree." He tried to take her hand, looking anxiously, and as imploringly as he could, in her face

— such a look as she would once have died for. Now, after that moment's hesitation, she turned away from him, shaking her head; but her voice trembled too, and there were tears in her eyes as she said: "No, Robert; this isn't the sort of help I mean. Don't you see? Of course I ought to give up this money."

"Give it up! Good heavens! Priscilla, you will not be so mad!"

"Mad! Why, it's only right I should. I see now that Mrs. Barker must have changed her mind at last; only it was too late to change her will. I don't know what made her make it, but I'm sure she repented it. If she could, she would have done as her husband wanted; I'm sure of that, and so I can't — I can't keep this money." Then she burst into tears; she could not help it. It seemed so hard, to have to go back again to her old hard, sad life.

"Priscilla, Priscilla," said Mr. Dixon hoarsely, between his fear and his rage, "you don't know what you're saying!"

"Yes, I do; I've thought of it all."

"But listen to me, for Heaven's sake. The money is yours! no one can take it from you. Ask Mr. Finch!" —

"Mr. Finch has told me so already. But that's not what I want. Oh! how could I be so dishonourable as to keep it, when I know quite well" — She could not say more, and if she could have spoken, Mr. Dixon would have been in no humour to listen. He was pouring out arguments, remonstrances, and in his impatience, even sarcasms on her folly. Somehow, these did not wound her: she heard them with a sort of stony indifference. Yet there was a deep, vague pain at her heart, deeper even than the sorrow she felt at the thought of the trouble that was before her. She was feeling how utterly she had been mistaken in this man's character — how vain it was to look for any sympathy, any real help from him; and if not from him, from whom else could she expect it?

"Robert, it's no use," she said at last, wearily; "I've made up my mind. I shall tell Mr. Finch so to-morrow."

"And do you expect me to offer to marry you still, when you choose to act in this mad way, and fling away forty thousand pounds as if it was so much dirt!"

He was beside himself now with passion. She shivered a little, and flushed under the insult of the coarse, angry speech. But she replied calmly and, for once in her life, almost haughtily: "I do not intend that you should marry me."

"Priscilla," he said with real feeling, and with a touch of shame and remorse, "you know I don't mean that; but you will drive me crazy."

"We will say no more about it. I am tired; I can't talk more. Good-bye, Robert."

"I won't leave you," he said, still angrily, but trying now to keep his composure, "until I've persuaded you out of this folly."

"You can't persuade me out of it;" and she spoke with a calm, weary indifference which made him feel how little she heeded his words. "Good-bye. Don't let me detain you longer here. I'm not able to talk to you more, and you'll excuse my leaving you."

And she left him. When she was gone, the worldly, hard, selfish man sat down and actually cried over his vexation: and they were not tears he need have been altogether ashamed of; for he was feeling, not only that he had lost the chance of forty thousand pounds, but that something he had begun to value nearly as much, if not more, was lost too. Why had he waited so long? Why had he not married Priscilla before? Why was she not his wife now, fortune or no fortune!

CHAPTER IX.

LATE that night, Miss Brown sat up reading a long letter from her cousin. She had refused to stay and be talked to but when he wrote to her she was obliged to read: and it took her a long time to get through it all, and when she had finished, she was very tired. Also his arguments had so far moved her that she seemed to realize, even more clearly than she had done before, what a terrible thing it would be to give up all the pleasant ease and comfort in which she had been dwelling for the past few months, and to become poor Miss Brown again, with nothing remaining to her from her lost fortune but those new dresses and rich clothes, which she would be almost ashamed to wear if she went back to her old life. Yet, perhaps, something else would remain too. Robert wrote very kindly; he said nothing, indeed, of his own proposal of marriage; he had not written hastily or impulsively; and though he was really more in love now than he had ever been in his life, his natural caution prevented his committing himself on paper to any offer of marriage, irrespective of her decision about her money. Whatever she decided on doing, he felt that he would like to have her for his wife; but he was

not going to say so, until he had first tried to make her see that if she gave up her fortune, she ought not to expect him to hold to his bargain. Still, here and there, a somewhat warmer tone would break through the more business-like arguments, and seem to hint that he would not give her up easily.

How changed her own feelings had become! Instead of soothing or comforting her, the consciousness which she now had of his real liking for her seemed only to depress her still more, for she had no doubt at all now that she no longer loved him. It was hard; but apparently she and her fate were always to be at cross-purposes; even if he were to come to her when she was poor again, as poor as she had once been, and offer to marry her, she could not consent. "I couldn't be happy with him—I see that now; and I should not make him happy either. Poor Robert! perhaps I have not been quite fair to him; and I have disappointed him. Well, it may disappoint him less, perhaps, if he sees that I should have brought him nothing. He will forget it sooner. Then she put away his letter, and before she went to bed, wrote a little note to Mr. Finch, which he might receive early the next morning. It was possible that Mr. Dixon might come early to see her, and try to argue with her again; but before he came, she would have got everything settled, and so she might be spared the discussion.

But next day she had to go through some discussion with Mr. Finch himself. "Have you thought well of what you mean to do, Miss Brown?" the lawyer asked, looking even more uneasy than he had done the day before.

"Yes, I have thought of it," she replied quietly, but feeling a little nervous, and afraid of Mr. Dixon's arrival.

"And you have consulted Mr. Dixon?"

"I have seen my cousin. He was here yesterday."

"And he approves?"

"No," said Miss Brown, colouring. "He thinks I am foolish. Perhaps I am; but you see, Mr. Finch, neither he nor you know what I do. You did not see how poor Mrs. Barker looked—how anxious and unhappy she seemed!"

"Well—yes," said Mr. Finch, who, if he thought Miss Brown foolish, at any rate felt that it was a very honest kind of folly. "You may be right. But this is a very serious thing to do. You will remember that *legally* your claim to this money is indisputable."

"I can't see that, Mr. Finch."

"But, my dear madam, you must surely understand what I have endeavoured to explain to you: that Mrs. Barker had really power to dispose of this money as she chose" —

"Oh, Mr. Finch, surely she had not! She must have known she had not, only" —

"But, Miss Brown, pray remember we are speaking of the legal view of the question."

"But I am thinking of the other view of it."

"But Miss Brown," persisted the lawyer in despair, "you must allow me to remind you" —

"Yes, yes — I know; it is stupid in me, I daresay," she interrupted, getting more and more impatient and nervous as she felt that Robert might arrive at any moment. "But indeed, Mr. Finch, I can only think how troubled poor Mrs. Barker was when she felt she had done wrong, and how glad she would be, if she could know now, poor woman, that it will all be settled as she wished at the last. You are quite right about the law, I daresay. But if you had seen her that last day of her life!"

It was no use for Mr. Finch to talk of his law. Miss Brown even refused to hear the word "compromise."

"I have no right to keep any part of it," she declared; and from this position she refused to be dislodged, with an obstinacy and invincibility to legal demonstration, which, however, Mr. Finch bore with wonderful patience. And when at last he rose to go away, he shook hands with her with a cordial friendliness and sympathy which surprised her a little in one who had always seemed so dry and cold. After all, even Mr. Finch seemed to understand her better than Robert Dixon had done. And after the excitement of the argument was over, and when she had nothing to do but to sit down and think over her future, it comforted her to feel that she would have a friend in her lawyer. She was glad of it. She was glad to know that now she would have some one else than her cousin to consult confidentially.

Her most pressing anxiety now was to be relieved of the lease which she had taken of her present house. Mr. Finch would at first have counselled some delay. "Major Fortescue has not yet arrived in England," he said. "Wait till he gets home, and until we see what is to be done. I don't, of course, wish to encourage any groundless hopes, but I can't help think-

ing that he will hardly accept your generous offer without himself suggesting a compromise. He has evidently fallen into some strange mistake about you, and has quite misunderstood your behaviour to Mrs. Barker. When he finds out the truth, and knows how nobly you have acted, he will surely, if he is a gentleman and a man of honourable feeling" —

But here the prudent lawyer was suddenly reminded that he was allowing his feelings to outrun his discretion, by Miss Brown herself. She interrupted him with her quiet smile.

"But we don't know anything about him, Mr. Finch. Besides, after all, it is he who has a right to the money, you know, not I." Mr. Finch made an impatient movement. He could never get his client to recollect her legal rights. "And I have been keeping him out of it long enough already. No, I can't expect him to give me any of it. As to my leaving this house, of course I must leave it. I know Mr. Wilson can easily let it, so I hope it will put him to no loss; and I heard this morning that my old lodging in Green Street is vacant: I mean to see if I can get it again." In this quiet, composed way, she talked of her plans, and began her preparations for departure from the scene of her greatness. But when she was alone sitting of an evening in her drawing-room, the pretty comfortable room she was going to leave, or lying wakeful in bed at night, her courage would fail her, and she would cry bitterly over the melting away of her brief vision of prosperity. And she would shudder to think of the weary, weary struggle between poverty and gentility to which she was about to return, and sometimes, in the bitterness of her soul, she wished she could die, and be done at last with her troublous, disappointing life. She was too good, too simply religious to allow herself to dwell on such a wicked wish. But it was very hard and difficult to think resignedly of the future.

In some respects, the present was painful enough to her. She shrank from seeing people, even those who had found out what she was going to do, or rather what she had already done, and who, in their very sympathy, oppressed her with their mingled pity, and applause, and condemnation. Above everything, she shrank from seeing Mr. Dixon or his sister, and generally managed to avoid meeting them. This was not difficult. Mrs. Lorimer was very angry with her; and Mr. Dixon was angry both with her and with himself, struggling and floundering between his

love and his avarice, wanting to marry her, but wanting also to wait and see if Major Fortescue would agree to at least divide the fortune with her — and feeling that in any case it was most prudent in the meantime to keep out of her way.

CHAPTER X.

THE day came on which Miss Brown was to re-enter her old abode. She put off her return there till the evening. She was afraid of being noticed and watched — afraid, too, of having to face all at once the familiar rooms in the dreary distinctness of the broad daylight. So, when the dusk of the early summer evening was come, she packed herself, with her luggage, which she had tried to make as small as possible, into a cab, and so returned to the old house she had left so joyfully scarcely six months ago. It was a soft, warm evening. It would be very pleasant out at Elm Grove amongst the green fields, and bright flower-beds, and shady trees; but she did not want to go to Elm Grove again.

It was a summer evening, and therefore there was no need of even a fire to welcome her back to her lodging parlour. She missed this mute welcome more than she liked to own to herself. It was so cheerless, to sit down in the grey twilight to drink her solitary cup of poor, unrefreshing, lodging-house tea. There was nothing for it but to get to bed as quickly as she could; yet she dreaded going to bed. She would have to wake up to-morrow in her old room, and once again face the thought of her poverty; just as if the last six months' peace and comfort had only been a dream of the night. Had she been a Roman Catholic, there might have come to her, at this gloomy moment, some soothing, consoling vision of a refuge in some quiet convent home. Being a stanch and pious Protestant, of an old-fashioned school, she never thought of wishing for such a door of escape from the weary world. She knew she must remain where she was, take up her burden, and bear it as best she could; and she thought, even through all the sadness that so crushed her down, that she would try to do her best.

It seemed wonderful how readily she fell back into her old habits. She went about her small housekeeping, she talked to her landlady, and did her modest little shopping, just as she used to do, making no show of martyrdom, or even of regret. At first, several of the acquaintances she had lately made came to call on her, eager

to shew their sympathy and admiration. She felt grateful to them for their kindness, but could not help shrinking sensitively from their somewhat inquisitive condolences. And as they found her shy and reserved, and unwilling to speak of herself, there was some difficulty in sustaining conversation. After a while, their visits became fewer. "Poor Miss Brown! They were very sorry for her, and they thought she had behaved beautifully. But she was such a very quiet, silent person, one never knew what to talk about. Indeed, she had always seemed to them unsocial. They really were not sure that it was of much use keeping up the acquaintance, for, of course, she would now decline all invitations. And, after all, she was as well off now as she used to be, and they supposed she was contented enough; she looked so, at any rate. And there was no doubt that Mrs. Barker had no business to leave her her money, and she could never have expected such a thing." Then by degrees the interest in Miss Brown changed into an interest in Major Fortescue. It was understood that he was coming home at last. He had been prevented from leaving India at the time first intended, and so his return had been delayed. Some said that he was in bad health. Poor man, he was probably broken down by a long Indian service, and it would have been very hard on him if he had been kept out of the money which his relation had meant to give him. There was much speculation about him. Was he old or young — married or single? Nobody could find out much about him. Mr. Finch had discovered most, and was not without hopes that Major Fortescue would, at least, prove himself sensible of the generosity of Miss Brown's behaviour; but, until his arrival, and until it was seen how he meant to act, Mr. Finch was not going to say much.

Mrs. Lorimer came to see her cousin, but the calls were not pleasant to either. Mrs. Lorimer not only thought herself entitled to resent Priscilla's nonsensical conduct, as she called it, but was also tormented by a new uneasiness about her brother. Of course he ought not to dream of marrying Priscilla now; but she was not sure that he was *not* dreaming of it still. She could not get him to speak on the subject. It was in vain that she talked herself, and threw out many hints about the impropriety of not making Priscilla clearly understand that Robert's proposal must now be looked on as cancelled. Robert would say not a word, except to

hint gruffly in his turn that he knew what he was about, and needed no advice. Poor Mrs. Lorimer was in misery. To make way for Priscilla with her forty thousand pounds had not been palatable to her; but supposing she had to make way for her now! She could not think of it with patience. Priscilla, for her part, was silent and reserved, with a something of cold dignity in her manner which kept Mrs. Lorimer from venturing on any open catechizing of her on this important matter.

So the time went on. Miss Brown lived patiently in the old quiet way, and alone never named Major Fortescue's name; and Mr. Finch took care now not to talk to her of any expectations from him. The days were very long. Sometimes in her lonely walks she passed Mrs. Barker's house, never without a secret shrinking, as she recollected the day of the funeral and all that had happened since — the vicissitudes of hope and fear, and pain and pleasure, ending at last in such a dreary hopeless blank. Sometimes, however, she would think with a sigh of satisfaction, that poor Mrs. Barker would be glad, could she know what had been done. And she always dwelt on the thought of the friendliness which had prompted the old lady to make her unfortunate will, not on that of the bitterness and vexation which the ill-judged gift had brought herself. One other comforting reflection she had: she always congratulated herself that she had not at once accepted Mr. Dixon's proposal. Supposing she had married him, and not found out until afterwards all about Major Fortescue and his claim! Supposing Robert had, as she now felt pretty sure he would have done, insisted on keeping the money!

CHAPTER XI.

THERE came one hot glaring August day. All Milchester people who could afford it, and were not kept in the town by business, had left it fully six weeks ago, and gone to summer lodgings, or seaside watering-places, or on foreign rambles. Mrs. Lorimer had gone away too, though she hardly needed to leave Elm Grove for health or comfort; but she found it convenient to go away, particularly as she had succeeded in persuading her brother to take a holiday, and come with her. She would not have gone herself, and left him in Priscilla's neighbourhood. Men were very obstinate when they made up their minds to a thing, and having once made up his mind to marry his cousin, Robert might

be strangely and perversely bent on carrying out his intention. However, Mrs. Lorimer, to her great satisfaction, managed to induce him to bear her company in her trip to Scarborough with less difficulty than she expected. The truth was that Mr. Dixon himself was not sorry to have an excuse for keeping away for a time from Milchester. His heart smote him sometimes when he returned of an evening to his home, and thought of poor Priscilla sitting lonely and neglected in her lodging: only, he could not invite her to Elm Grove while his sister was so opposed to her coming, unless he fairly shewed that he was determined on renewing his proposal; and he had decided on waiting for Major Fortescue's return before doing so. So, in the meantime, he was rather glad to leave home altogether, thus avoiding both the risk of shewing attention to Priscilla, and the uncomfortable feeling that he was neglecting her.

She knew they were gone, and she, too, was glad of it. She would not be troubled with any visitors now. So much the better, she said to herself. Yet she could not help thinking of what Mrs. Lorimer's own plan for this very summer had been. "You have never been abroad, Priscilla," she had said to her one day, during that last visit of hers to Elm Grove. "This summer we will go — you and I, and Robert. You would like to see Switzerland, wouldn't you? We will go there. Of course you won't think of remaining all the summer in Milchester. And Priscilla had caught eagerly at the idea, and her head had been full of their projected travels, until she had been started out of her pleasant anticipations by the shock of Mr. Dixon's proposal.

"Well, I might have gone to Switzerland this summer," she said to herself on this particular sultry, baking August day, as she looked out of her parlour window on the hot, grass-grown street. The tears came into her eyes for a minute, and a bitter, sore feeling to her heart. Both her cousins seemed to have forgotten how dull her summer here must be. Then she checked the resentful, regretful thought. "What do I want! I don't want to be with them; and I'm sure — I'm sure I don't wish I had acted differently. How could I have acted differently! I could not have kept that money. How thankful I ought to be that I don't want it — that I have enough to live comfortably on without it. How much better off I am than many others." And she thought of a poor crippled invalid woman whom she used to visit,

who had once seen better days, and was now dragging out the remainder of her life in a lodging poorer and more cheerless than her own. She determined that she would go and see her now.

She put on one of her oldest and shabbiest dresses, with a black shawl and an old straw bonnet, for she had to pass through a low, crowded part of the town; and, taking a basket with some little delicacies for the invalid, set forth.

She paid a long visit to the sick woman, and came away at last, faint with the heat and the close stifling atmosphere of the room. As she came out into the street, she threw back her veil to get some fresh air. In doing so, the basket slipped from her arm. Before she could stoop for it, a gentleman passing had picked it up, and turned to give it her. As he looked at her, he exclaimed: "Lily!"

The air had revived her, but she was still a little giddy and confused and at his exclamation she only looked at him wonderingly, without at once recognizing him. He saw she did not, and his look of joy gave place to one of disappointment and pain. "I beg your pardon. You don't remember me!" he said, a little stiffly and reproachfully.

Not remember him! No; she would perhaps scarcely have remembered his face at that moment. But how suddenly there flashed on her the recollection of his voice — of that very tone, with its quiver of pain, which seemed to have echoed in her memory all these years.

"Mr. Lawrence!" she gasped; and the paleness fled from her face, and for a moment nearly all the beauty of its youth flushed back to it. "Oh, is it really you!" She held out her hand eagerly, readily, with a frank gladness very different from her usual shy reserve. But as she felt how warmly he grasped it, she grew almost giddy again; and it was no wonder that in the surprise of a meeting so strange that she could hardly realize who it was with whom she now stood face to face, she hardly knew what she was saying or doing.

"And is it really you!" he said, echoing her words. Then his eye glanced from her face to her dress, as if he expected to discover something from it, but in her agitation she did not notice this, and even if she had noticed it, she could not have understood the meaning of his glance. She did not know what an encouraging sight to him were her crapeless dress and her ordinary bonnet, or that he was saying to himself with a thrill of satisfaction: "She has left off her weeds!"

Then they walked on together, so as to get out of the dirty, noisy lane, and Miss Brown could hardly have told where she was and whither she was going. And he, too, thought he must be dreaming. Had he really found her again, his lost first love? Could this be her own actual self? He kept turning and looking at her. Yes, it was herself! Older, of course, but how strangely — how almost incredibly little changed! There was the same graceful figure — the same pale, fair skin, the same sweet eyes, even the same soft brown hair. It was the very "Lily" whom he had lost, and whom he had not thought to find again. For though in his heart he had kept so romantically faithful to the remembrance of his first love, he had been almost over-careful to avoid indulging any romantic expectations of finding her unchanged. He believed that she had been married and widowed since he had seen her; and when he had dreamed, as for years he had done, of seeking her out, and once more trying to win her, he had never allowed himself to forget the changes which years must have brought to her as well as to himself. In spite of all such possible changes, he was sure that he had never seen any one who could be to him what she might be, if only he could persuade her to take him at last. But all the time, he had been so cautiously and carefully picturing to himself something so faded, so old, so forlorn of all girlish beauty, that now when he saw her again, he could scarcely, in his first delighted surprise, see a wrinkle on her brow or a gray hair mixed with the brown! And best of all here was no broken-hearted, broken-spirited widow, clinging to the weeds and the memory of her first marriage. She was still in black, of course, but it looked very simple unostentatious mourning, even to his unlearned eyes; and she had welcomed him with a smile of happiness — just such a smile as he used to love to watch for long ago.

"You haven't forgotten me, then, after all? I thought you had — at first," he said. "I should have known you anywhere. How long ago is it since — since" — He did not want to say, "since we parted;" he did not want to remind her that she had once refused him.

"It is just one-and-twenty years since I saw you," she said simply, looking at him with a smile which said very plainly, "and I am very glad to see you again." He could scarcely believe in his good luck. She had even kept count, as he had done, of the time that had passed since they had met!

Perhaps not exactly "as he had done." But she was at least unwilling to look back on that last meeting. He thought more of this, however, afterwards. Just now, his mind was too full of the wonder and satisfaction of having found her again at all.

"To think of my meeting you!" he said, still looking at her, as if he were half-incredulous of the reality of her appearance. "And here too—in this place—where I so little thought of finding any one whom I had ever seen before! And you? Do you know, I was just going to start for Australia"—"to look for you," was on his tongue, but he checked himself. He felt even in his bewilderment, that he might be allowing himself to run on too fast.

"Australia!" she repeated. And suddenly her heart seemed to die within her. So he was going out to Australia; he was not going to stay in Millchester. She had meant to ask him, chiefly for the sake of covering her own agitation and flurry, by getting him to talk of himself, what had brought him to Millchester; but now the word "Australia" seemed to choke her, and for a minute or two she could say no more.

"But are you really living here, in this town?" he continued. "Is it possible? Is your home here, after all?"

"Yes my home is here," she replied, in a weary, absent tone, which sounded cold and discouraging to him. After a pause he asked: "And—for how long—since when have you lived here?"

"Since my sister's death." She spoke very low, and through the noise of the street, and the rumbling of carts and cabs, he could only indistinctly hear what she said. He fancied she was speaking of the death of her husband. After this they walked on for some minutes in silence. He, in his turn, was somehow chilled and sobered now; and she was struggling with that almost overpowering feeling of disappointment which made her so nearly burst into tears. For a moment she had been thinking that she had got her old friend back again, the friend who seemed now almost like the only one she had ever had; now she knew, it was only for that little moment. He was going away to the other side of the world, from which he seemed so suddenly to have come. He was going back to Australia—back, probably, to his home and his family. As this last idea occurred to her, she made a desperate effort to rally her energies. She ought not to walk on silently beside him, as if they

had time enough before them to say all that was to be said. He had asked about her home; she ought to ask about his. In a sort of agony of trepidation, she tried to frame some suitable question; before she could bring her lips to ask it, they had got to the street where she lived. She turned down it, and he followed her. "Is it here where you live?" he asked.

"Yes; this is my house—my home, that is. Will—will you"—She stopped, blushing. It was so strange, so difficult for her to invite him, as a mere ordinary acquaintance, to enter her door.

"Thank you; I must not stop now," he said with a strange hasty abruptness which made her shrink back into herself, vexed that she had tried to detain him. "I am on my way to the station; I have to be in town this evening. I must say good-bye to you now." He held out his hand, and she instantly held out hers, interpreting his almost nervously hurried manner as meaning that he was impatient to be gone.

"Good-bye. I am very glad I have met you." And as she tried to say the conventional words with a smile, her heart died within her. Was it thus he had bidden her good-bye one-and-twenty years ago? Perhaps the very smile, brave as it was, only made her eyes more wistfully sad, for suddenly he grasped her hand tight, and said with a kind of impatience: "Yes, I must go. It can't be helped. But I'll write—you'll let me write to you? And I'll—I'll see you again. I'll be here again this week."

She could not have told how she answered him; she did not know how she got at last within her own door—only there she was, sitting again alone in her own parlour, and he was gone.

But had he not promised to see her again, and talked of writing to her?

CHAPTER XII.

BUT the week went on, and no letter came. At first, she did not wonder at this; she said to herself, when she thought quietly over their interview, that it was not likely that he would have time to sit down to write a letter to her, and that he could only have spoken of doing so from an impulse of kindness, which made him wish to soften the apparent unfriendliness of their hurried parting. He seemed to be full of business, and he had told her that he was on the point of starting for Australia. Of course, it was possible that he might have some wish to hear more of her history during the last twenty years,

and to tell her something more of his own than there had been time for in that brief, confused quarter of an hour. But if his business obliged him to return the following week to Milchester, it was not likely that he would give himself the trouble of writing what could more easily be talked of during an afternoon call.

In spite, however, of these reasonable reflections, she became depressed and disappointed as day after day passed and brought her no letter. Certainly, he *had* spoken of writing, and it was not like him — it used not to be like him, at least — to make empty promises. What if he equally failed to keep his promise of coming back to see her! When she thought of this possibility, she could almost have wished that they had not met again at all; for before that day she had been trying to feel contented, and to reconcile herself to the old weary life, and now it seemed as if the uphill work must be begun all over again. Would it not have been better for her not to have met him? Yst she could not quite agree to this. She could not help recollecting how he had called her "Lily," and how pleasant it had been to hear the old, half-forgotten name; and she knew that it made her happier to think that he had met and remembered her, even though she might see no more of him.

During this week, she got a letter from Mr. Dixon. He had been thinking that he would like to hear something of her. He had written, on some pretence of business, to Mr. Finch; but Mr. Finch had gone to London; and from him Mr. Dixon would hear nothing of Major Fortescue's proceedings, for Mr. Finch was now very cautious, and having had cause to distrust Mr. Dixon, he would not now say more to him than he could help. Then he determined to write to Priscilla herself. He did so without letting his sister know of it; and he wrote his letter very skilfully and carefully, and much to his own satisfaction; for while he shewed Priscilla that he was still interested in her and her affairs, he left it uncertain whether the interest was or was not purely cousinly. And he put his letter into the post one morning during his early walk, and then went home to breakfast with a comfortable certainty in his mind that he was keeping things in a convenient train for further action, according as might seem advisable.

His letter reached Miss Brown one evening towards the end of the week of waiting. She saw the postman coming down the street as she stood watching at

her window: within the last few days she had taken to watching for him as she never used to watch before. She saw him cross the street, and come straight to her door; and before, in her flurry of hope and joy, she had remembered that she had more than one probable correspondent, a letter was brought her. She caught it up in nervous, trembling eagerness, and saw at once that it was from Robert Dixon.

In her first vexation, she did not open the letter for some moments; then, rebuked by a sense of duty, she opened it, and read it through, but with so much impatience and wandering of mind, that it is to be feared she missed both the force and the delicacy of the elaborately turned sentences; and at the end preserved only a confused notion that Robert wrote less clever letters than she had imagined. And then she threw it aside — no, she actually tore it up, a thing which she had never done with an unanswered letter in her life before. She hated the sight of that deceiving envelope, and made haste to get rid of it.

The next day was the one which Mr. Lawrence had spoken of as the day of his return to Milchester, the day on which he might come to call on her. She was wary now of allowing herself to expect anything, and she assured herself that she did not expect to see him. Yet she rose earlier than usual, pretending to herself that she did so on account of the extra fineness of the morning, and dressed herself very carefully, as for a great and festive day. She had been tempted to put on one of her handsome dresses, one of the rich silks that were lying carefully folded up in her drawers, and which she shrank from wearing as if they had been stolen goods. She took out a soft, glossy, violet silk, and held it up, and spread it out on her bed, and gazed at it admiringly, and remembered how becoming it used to be to her, and how well she had looked in it. Might she not put it on to-day? When he had met her, she had been so shabbily dressed: she must have looked so old and faded! She would not like him to preserve such a recollection of her. To-day, at least, she would like once more to look her very best.

No; it must not be. What right had she to deck herself out in costly silk and rich lace? She was very poor; and her natural good taste and sense of fitness, no less than her honesty, made the wearing of such dress no longer possible to her. So, not without a pang of regret, she put the violet silk away again into its drawer,

and put on a plain gray gown of some thin, soft stuff, which was indeed a better dress than her ordinary morning one, but still cheap, common, and severely simple. And yet, what pains the arrangement even of this unpretending robe cost her! How anxiously she scrutinized the sit of her collar, and how often she tied and untied the ribbon which fastened it! Great searchings of heart did even this poor little blue ribbon occasion her. Was it too girlish, too gay? Did it make her look as if she were trying to seem young and pretty again? She could quite recollect a certain muslin dress with a blue ribbon which she had worn on the very day that Charles Lawrence had told her of his love. Would he remember it? Would he think she was trying to make him forget what a long time ago that was?

However, the ribbon held its place; and she went down to her parlour, and tried to make it look its best too; and blushing at her own folly and extravagance, expended a shilling on a bunch of fresh roses for her table. She was half-ashamed even of her flowers, and moved them about in a dozen ways before she was satisfied to leave them alone. And the day wore on, and the roses seemed to fade and grow scentless, and once, when she got up and looked at herself in the glass over the chimney-piece, she started to see how pale and anxious was her face! She sat down again on her chair, and buried her face in her hands, careless now of what became of her cap and her ribbons. He was not coming: it was no use for her to sit there longer waiting for him. He was probably off on his journey to Australia, and without even sending her a line of farewell. Never in all her life had she felt so lonely and desolate as she felt just now!

And so, just at the right moment, the darkest moment, came the long-delayed sunshine. She heard an impatient rattling of wheels, a still more impatient knock; and it was all so sudden, that she had hardly time to start up and put her cap straight before he was in the room, standing opposite to her, and once more holding her hand, but this time as if he never meant to let it go again. It was just as well for him that he took her so by surprise. If she had been duly prepared for his arrival, with her senses all about her, and her little proprieties and dignities all at hand, his second courtship might have considerably tried his patience, and would certainly have been carried on under much greater difficulties. But just now, in her excitement and happy confusion, she fortu-

nately forgot everything but her joy at seeing him, and all she could say, still half-crying, was; "I thought you were not coming!"

"Not coming! But you got my letters! O Lily, why didn't you answer them? I begged you to send me only one line. I have been desperate at getting not a single word from you!"

He was calling her Lily, just as he used to do! Miss Brown felt as if she were no longer Miss Brown! But how could she help it? She could only stare at him in bewilderment.

"You got my letters? Surely you got my letters?" he repeated.

"I never got one."

"You never got my letters! But I addressed them here, to this house—Mrs. Dixon, 12 Green Street."

"Mrs. Dixon!" She drew her hand away from him now, and looked suddenly offended and dignified. "I am not Mrs. Dixon." Then, as she thought how very nearly she had escaped being Mrs. Dixon, she could have cried with vexation at the idea of having had her name so coupled with her cousin's as to give any foundation for such a report. But Mr. Lawrence was too impatient to find out the truth to give her time for her private speculations. He had first to explain to her how his mistake had arisen: how, first of all, he had been misled by an old report of her engagement to a Mr. Dixon. And again Miss Brown blushed with annoyance at the recollection of her girlish mistake. Then he told her that he had next heard of her having been seen in Australia with her husband; and this puzzled them both, until she remembered that a cousin of the Dixons had actually married, and gone out with his wife to Australia about that time.

"Mrs. Dixon was described to me as tall, and fair, and slender; and I seemed able to think of no other tall, slender, fair woman in the world but yourself! Then, afterwards—years after—I chanced to fall in again with the same man who had told me, as I believed, that he knew you; and he told me then that he had heard you were a widow, but that you were still living in Australia with some of your own friends; and he gave me their name. I wrote to what I thought was your address; but my letter came back to me, and I supposed you had gone to live elsewhere, or perhaps had returned home. And to think that you have been here all the time! Why, I shall keep thinking of you still as if you had been out in Australia! I have been always fancying you there!"

She smiled. "I have never been out of England in my life. Ah! supposing I had been out of England now, this summer! How little I thought" — She stopped, but at that moment she could have rejoiced in her heart over that loss of fortune which had kept her at home.

Then he looked at her with the old look, which she remembered so well. "Will you be willing to leave England now? You refused me once, Lily; but I told you I could wait. I have waited for you twenty-one years. It's a long time."

It was a long time. No one knew better than she did how long these years had been; but she was not prepared to find them come to this sudden ending. In her embarrassment, she tried to put his question aside, as if she had not heard it. "You — you are going out to Australia again?" she said, looking away from him.

"To Australia? No. I have nothing to do in Australia, now that I have found you. But if I ask you to come out to India with me" —

"To India!"

"Do you dislike the idea of India? Ah, that's what I was afraid of."

He looked so disappointed, that she roused herself to try to understand what he wanted of her, or rather to try to realize it.

"I wouldn't ask you," he went on anxiously, "though, after all, you wouldn't find India a bad place. Only, I have some years of work in me yet; and the truth is, Lily, I had set my mind on making some more money; though we have enough to live on, thank God! We have plenty to live on, even if we remain in this country, and if I never see India again. Only, of course, we shan't be so rich as we might have been, and as I wanted to be for your sake."

She listened to him, but still in a perplexity that almost overpowered her very happiness; in some terror too, it must be owned, at that, to her, alarming prospect of India — terror for his sake as well as for her own.

"We." He spoke as if they were already one. But did he understand how little she could bring to the common stock? If he wished to make money, did he know what a hopeless, useless wife he was going to burden himself with? Ah! if she had only had her fortune! But no; she was not going to wish for that back again — she had got something better; and perhaps he would not mind.

"I am very poor," she said, looking at him almost pleadingly.

"Don't speak about that; I have enough for us both."

"But I ought to tell you; and yet, I suppose, it doesn't matter." She was thinking whether she ought to tell him the story of her brief fortune; but she was reluctant to speak of it.

"There's one thing I want you to tell me," he said earnestly; "you won't grudge my having given up the half of this money? You never answered the letter I wrote to you about it, telling you the whole story. — Stay, though," he continued, seeing her look of astonishment at hearing *him* speak of giving up money: "you didn't get my letters — I forgot that. Why, then, I have everything to tell you still. First of all, I don't believe you know that my name has been changed since you knew me."

"Your name! You are Charles Lawrence."

"No; I am Charles Fortescue."

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. FINCH, who had been absent in London on some special business, had returned to Millchester, and without a moments loss of time, without even going to his own house or to his office, went straight from the station to call on Miss Brown.

"I'm pretty sure to have the first telling of it to her," he said to himself as he drove to Green Street. "Mr. Dixon is away, otherwise I shouldn't be surprised to find that he had managed somehow to be first in the field, and take some of the credit to himself. There's truth, I suspect, in this talk of his having made up to her before she gave up the fortune. Well, it wouldn't be a bad thing for her, I suppose; but to my mind, she's too good for him. Here we are. It will be worth something to see her face when I tell her that she is to have the half of it back again! She no more expects it than I expected it myself for her some time ago. I'm very glad of it. I was beginning to be afraid, this last week, that Major Fortescue was half repenting of his liberality. There seemed to be some screw loose with him. However, it's all right now; and I must say for him that he has behaved as well as she did herself." And Mr. Finch, being now a sworn ally of Miss Brown, felt that he had paid Major Fortescue a high compliment.

Miss Brown received him with a pleasant friendliness quite different from her former shy, stiff manner. "I never saw a woman so changed from what she used to be, when I knew her first," thought Mr. Finch.

"I've just come from London, Miss Brown," he said, smiling too, and looking quite unlike the cold, hard, formal lawyer who used to frighten her into such helpless confusion of mind. "I've been away on some little business of yours." To his surprise, and rather to his dissatisfaction, Miss Brown looked neither astonished nor curious. She bent her eyes on the ground, and she actually seemed to be smiling to herself, in a half-conscious, half-amused way, as if she knew what he was going to tell her.

"You haven't been seeing Mr. Dixon!" he exclaimed eagerly. "But surely *he* can have told you nothing?"

"No. But, Mr. Finch, I was expecting to see you to-day. I knew you were coming back to-day." She hesitated, blushed, and then went on with something of her old nervousness. "And I know what you have come to tell me. I know how kind you have been in this matter."

"You know! You know that Major Fortescue, now that the whole story has been fully explained to him, has agreed to divide the fortune with you?"

"Yes; I know all you said to him about me." She was blushing deeper and deeper. "I'm sure it was very good of you; but, indeed, you know, Mr. Finch, I don't deserve any credit at all. I couldn't have acted differently!"

"But how in the world have you heard of this? Why, the matter was only finally settled yesterday morning between Major Fortescue's lawyer and myself!"

"I heard of it — yesterday afternoon."

"Yesterday afternoon! But who could have told you?"

"It was — Major Fortescue himself!"

Mr. Finch sat and stared at her. Then she roused herself to a last struggle with her shyness. Mr. Finch had been such a kind friend; he was the very first she would like to tell of her new prospects.

"It turns out, Mr. Finch, that Major Fortescue and I are old friends. I knew him long ago as Charles Lawrence."

"Of course: that's his name — Charles Lawrence Fortescue; but I supposed Lawrence was a christian name."

"No; he took the name of Fortescue several years ago, for some family reasons."

"But how came it that he didn't remember *your* name? You haven't changed it since he knew you."

Miss Brown coloured. She was not going to confess that she was supposed to

have been transformed into a widowed Mrs. Dixon — *that* should remain for evermore a secret between themselves. "Oh, Brown is such a common name; he never thought of me as — as" —

"As *the* Miss Brown with whom he was going to law. And so — But how did he find you out at last? And what brought him down here yesterday, I wonder! I know he was here a week ago on some business. How did you chance to meet?"

It was well for Miss Brown's composure that Mr. Finch propounded so many questions; she needed only to answer the last. "We happened to meet in the street."

"And so, then, you cleared it all up? Well, it's very odd."

"And, Mr. Finch," she continued hastily, "he told me what he had meant to do."

"What he *had* meant to do! But surely he means it still! It's all settled, you know."

"No, it's not — that is, it isn't settled quite as you suppose. I wouldn't agree to take back any of the money, you know. I mean" —

"Miss Brown," he interrupted, fairly losing his patience, "really, this is too bad. When I thought I had got everything comfortably arranged for you — and now, too, that you find he is an old acquaintance of your own! And you talk of throwing back his offer! If you're going to be so overscrupulous as all this, I can only beg to decline all further charge of your affairs;" and Mr. Finch got up very stiffly and angrily, and took his hat.

"Stop, stop!" she said eagerly, as she put out her still pretty, fair hands to detain him. "You don't understand. I don't want — Major Fortescue doesn't want — we have changed our plan — I mean I have agreed to something else."

"What *have* you agreed to?"

"I have agreed to marry him. I told you I knew him long ago."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE wedding breakfast took place in Mr. Finch's house. Mrs. Lorimer returned from Scarborough in time to be present at the ceremony; and Mr. Dixon's three little girls were the bridesmaids. He himself was still absent — "on some particular business," his sister said. Miss Brown was secretly well pleased. His presence and absence were, indeed, in one

sense indifferent to her; but she well knew now what was the real cause of his keeping away from her wedding, and she was glad in her gentle soul that he should be saved such pain, or a shadow of such pain as she had known on a certain wedding day, long, long ago—so long ago now that it seemed to have been an epoch in another life than hers.

"Miss Brown" is almost forgotten in Milchester. But occasionally a tall, pleasant-looking, elderly gentleman, and a fair, stately lady, come to visit Mr. and Mrs. Finch, and then there is much calling and dinner-giving, and general festivity. Of the two, Colonel Fortescue is more popular in society than his wife. She is quiet and shy, and a little formal still. But those who have got to know her well, love her dearly, and perhaps she is all the more precious to her friends because it has cost them a little trouble to find out her worth. But Mrs. Fortescue, with her pleasant husband, and comfortable fortune, and cheerful London house, is a person worth cultivating. Perhaps Miss Brown would hardly have been so.

Mrs. Lorimer holds to the opinion she once expressed to her brother, that "Priscilla was really a very good creature." She has some reason to say so, for though Mrs. Fortescue does not care to come very often to Elm Grove, she is always ready to open her doors to her cousins, and Mrs. Lorimer finds her house a very convenient asylum during her now pretty frequent excursions to town. And her nieces

are still devoted to Cousin Priscilla, who, in her turn, is really fond of the girls, and will probably be a very useful relation to them by-and-by. As for Colonel Fortescue, he thinks Mrs. Lorimer a very agreeable, sensible woman, and always makes her welcome; and Priscilla makes her welcome too, and tries not to look too pleased when she finds she is going away.

One day Mrs. Lorimer said to her: "It's so odd, Priscilla, to hear your husband calling you Lily."

"I used to be called Lily once," she replied, smiling. "It's a silly name for an old woman, but he likes it, and so do I. He says it is so odd to him to hear you calling me Priscilla."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Lorimer, "I never should have thought of calling you by a short, pet name."

"No; of course not," said Mrs. Fortescue, a little anxiously. She did not want any one else to take to calling her by the dear old name.

"Some people are born to be lucky," Mrs. Lorimer said to her brother one evening on her return from a London visit. "Now, there's Priscilla. Who would ever have thought it! There she is, settled in London, with a charming house and a carriage, and everything she can want, and a husband who worships the ground she treads on! Who would ever have expected it!"

Mr. Dixon's only reply was an impatient rustle of his newspaper. It was not what he had expected.

WHEREVER you have life in the world, you have, as far as we can discern, a sufficiency of adverse circumstances surrounding the living being, to occupy its whole attention, without leaving any spare time for the play of its own bad passions. Take the case of man. He appears to be too good for the place he occupies, and also, at the same time, not good enough. By "too good," I mean too refined, too sensitive, too soft, too requiring for the hard and coarse circumstances by which he is surrounded. At the same time he is not good enough; for, having these difficulties to contend with, it seems as if he ought to have very few malignant passions, in order to combat favourably with these hard and coarse circumstances. For instance, to nourish and maintain his bodily

powers, is an enormous work for him. To do it well, he ought not to have had any quarrelsomeness in him; for, though he sees it not, he has really not a spare moment for quarrelling. And that so many of his kind are now living in such loathsome squalidity is probably owing, could we trace it up, to man's quarrelsomeness.

Doubtless the ichthyosaurus could have made the same complaint. In the vast lagoons of a primeval world, he had, no doubt, sufficient difficulty in gaining his livelihood, without being bothered with troublesome quarrels with other ichthyosaurs. It was quite enough to have to guard against, and contend with, the especial enemies of his race. And each race of beings seems to be blessed with these especial enemies.

Arthur Helps.

From The Spectator.

THE ICEBERG LAKE OF THE ALETSCHE GLACIER.

It is often very difficult to understand why scenes apparently of no very different physical character should produce such very different effects on the mind of almost all who visit them. There is nothing of which the traveller in Switzerland sees so much, except snow mountains, as he does of ice,—the gigantic ice-needles of the innumerable glaciers and the brilliant blue of the crevasses forming probably the most striking details in every grand scene he visits, and certainly contributing a great proportion of the colouring to landscapes which, except under the magical effects of sunrise or sunset, are apt to be a little cold. Yet, though ice on the greatest scale, acres of ice, and often innumerable rivers of that exquisitely transparent Prussian-blue which the fissures in the ice present, are visible in almost all the grander Alpine scenes, there is, as far as we know, but one place in all Switzerland where the predominant effect it produces is one of "sweetness and light,"—not awful, not threatening, not desolate, not gruesome, not even intoxicating with the sense of power, but tranquillizing, serene, soothing, and yet full of the stimulus of new suggestion. That place is the unique little lake,—quite alone, as far as we know, in its kind,—into which the ice-cliffs of the greater Aletsch glacier break down, immediately to the north of the Eggishorn and south of the mountain-pass between the Trugberg on the East and the Mönch and the Jungfrau on the west. The Märjelen lake, as it is called, is usually covered by a little fleet of miniature icebergs,—icebergs of from two to five feet high, on the largest of which a man might by possibility contrive to take a little sail, but from which he would be much more likely to be toppled over into the ice-cold water beneath. The lake is usually visited from the pleasant Eggishorn hotel, situated on the northern heights of the valley of the Rhone, from which it is an easy walk of about an hour and a half distant. The visitor at that hotel has but to climb the height behind him, that is, the slight remainder of the ridge which separates the valley of the Rhone from the view of the southern side of the Oberland range, and as he passes the neck of the chain, he comes suddenly in sight of the vast sweep of the Aletsch glacier on his left, and of the Viescher glacier on his right, and sees the blue waters of the Märjelen lake and

its little flock of shining icebergs lying in the hollow some thousand feet or so below him; while the great summits of the Jungfrau and the Monk,—great, though comparatively insignificant if you have seen the far grander front they present to the north,—close the broad northward sweeps of snow and curves of glacier to the west, and the grand peak of the Oberaarhorn towers up from the northern sources of the Viescher glacier to the east. The prospect is a very grand framework for a very lovely picture. For the effect of these minute floating icebergs of all shapes,—some grotesquely mimicking the shape of a swan, with graceful bended neck, some of a guinea-pig furnished with a sort of button by way of a rudimentary tail, others of them, again, resembling those beautifully balanced rocks, touching only at a point, in which you may see a constant vibration, without any single danger of a broken equilibrium,—as they drift steadily eastwards from the blue ice-cliffs of glacier from which they have been detached, is one of exquisite purity and loveliness. Each of them is a block of shining crystal, an island of light, defined at its base by a circle of the deepest liquid blue, where the under-surface emerges from the water of the lake. The general effect is of a miniature Arctic sea set in the most splendid of Alpine frameworks,—an Arctic sea so tiny that it is robbed of all its terror, while all the striking associations with which it is associated and all the elements of pictorial beauty remain. The glacier cliffs which bound the little lake on the west are some fifty or sixty feet in height, and are hollowed out in many places by its dashing waters into ice-caves which run deep into the great glacier and reflect back a halo of that transparent dark blue which ice in dark shadow gives, so investing the mouth of each of these winding sub-glacial passages with a soft cloud of beauty. The lake itself is bordered, except at the glacier end, by a broad margin of rugged beach, the rudeness and barrenness of which at first offends the eye, but seems to fit better into the scene as one notices how thickly all those slopes of mountain which are not precipices are strewn with huge boulders of similar rock, to which nature has already given the softest clothing of moss and flower, and that only the frequently-shifting level of the lake's cold water prevents her from giving the same beautiful surface to this desolate little shore itself. Indeed the moment you pass the neck of the ridge between the Rhone valley and

the Märjelen lake, the mountain side, which even on the south is in August sparsely strewn with the brilliant little autumn gentian that outdoes both sky and ice in the depth of its marvellous blue, becomes on the north side so richly starred with clusters of this most brilliant of Alpine flowers and with patches of the Alpine ranunculus in all shades, from the faintest pink to bright rose-colour, that one hardly knows which is the more beautiful, the spots of moss and flower at one's feet, or the grand mountain hollow itself, in which the little lake and its fleet of drifting icebergs is the central gem.

There is, too, a singular sense of sweetness and tranquillity in the deep silence of the place, which the great Alpine solitudes, refreshing as they are, fail to give. Partly this is due, though it may seem paradoxical to say that a sense of tranquillity can be due, to the ear: yet it is certainly true that a deaf person cannot know the delight of deep silence. Usually the natural sounds which haunt a scene of mountain and glacier such as this, are the bells of the mountain cattle, the falling of avalanches, and the rush of the torrents. And here, too, you may hear occasionally the tinkle of the bell on a goat in search of the scanty pasturage, and the rush of one of the little avalanches which even in late autumn continue to fall from the range to the west of the Aletsch glacier. There is, however, no noisy torrent in the neighbourhood of the Märjelen lake, and the characteristic sound which most often breaks the silence of a long day spent in this weird little valley, is that of the plash of the wee pinnacles of ice as, melting beneath the sun, they topple from the tiny bergs into the water, and the hollow thunder caused by the detachment of larger masses in the caverns at the western end. These liquid thunders, connected as they are with the lazy and dreamy interest of watching the new shapes into which the parting blocks of ice break up, and the diverging directions in which the divided ice islands take their course after the separation, heighten, by rendering you aware of, the deep silence of the place, the more that these toy convulsions of nature constantly suggest the more terrific phenomena of similar disruptions of the true ice mountains on the great Arctic sea. In part, too, the peculiar sweetness, and tranquillity of the scene arise from the fresh variety, the chequered character which the little moving fleet of crystal islands gives to the depths of ordinary Alpine solitude. Usually, in the recesses of the Alps, all,

except the rushing torrents, which fatigue both eye and ear by the very uniformity and violence of their motion, is absolutely still and frozen. There is no motion except that of the clouds, unless a herd of cows or goats happens to be feeding near. The characteristic part of the landscape is its motionlessness, excepting only such motions as are incessant and violent. There is no softness, no drifting, nothing indolent or languid in the whole landscape. Everything that is not terrible from its stillness is terrible from its intensity of force. But the lapping of the water of this little lake against the lonely and lazily drifting icebergs, and the soft babbings which follow the dropping of a little minaret or dome into the lake, just supply this element of indolent and variable motion, break the sublime uniformity of every high Alpine scene, and gratify the eye with changing shapes as well as changing tints. Then, again, there is the peculiar coolness of the scene, which adds to the impression of a sweet tranquillity. All glacier scenery is cold, but by no means cool. There is nothing so exciting, bracing, so full of stimulus as the air which blows over a great glacier. But it gives anything but that sense of soft refreshment which we attach to the idea of coolness on a hot August day. For coolness we need, not the bright gelid atmosphere which braces to exercise, not the vast slopes and plains of ice which chill and overwhelm us, but the softer sights and sounds which suggest the melting of cold into warmth, the tempering of warmth by cold, and shelterings from sun and wind alike. Such sights and sounds you have beside this little lake as the transparent blocks of ice crumble under the sun's rays, and the current ripples gently against them as they drift ashore. Nothing more refreshing, more soothing, more fascinating, not only in spite, but in consequence of, the grandeur of the frame in which it is set, is to be found in Switzerland. The man wearied by toil at home, and, perhaps, a little too high strung by the sublimity usually before him in Switzerland, finds just the relaxation he needs by the side of these glittering little toy icebergs on the lonely tarn. If he has carried hither the hot thoughts and tangled questionings which the hurry of the world at once raises, and prevents from settling into any order and clearness, in his mind, he will almost feel disposed in this strange spot to say, with the traitor Judas of Mr. Arnold's poem, as he reveals to St. Brandan his respite from torment for a single hour on every Christmas Eve,—

"I staunch with ice my burning breast,

With silence balm my throbbing brain;" —

for in all the brilliant and stimulating scenes of Europe's great "playground," we know of none where the solitude is at once so grand and gentle, so deep and yet so fascinating, where miniature beauties of both ice and flowers are so weirdly blended with majestic forms, as in the little ice-berg lake of the *Eggischhorn*.

From The Spectator.

THE FAMINE IN PERSIA.

WE greatly doubt whether the people of this country, even those who have noticed the statements upon the subject, have any idea of the present state of affairs in Persia. Sir Henry Rawlinson has told them something, but he was obviously afraid of overcharging his picture, and alienating sympathy by apparent exaggeration. Knowing Persia, too, he was, we imagine from his speech at the Mansion House, entirely unaware of a curious difficulty in his way, an intellectual severance between his knowledge and that of his audience. He thinks of Persia as an immense country of mountain, and desert, and prairie, unirrigated by man and insufficiently watered by nature; with comparatively few trees and no deltas defended from drought as it were by Heaven, full of vast arid plains which with water would yield like Lincolnshire, but without it are about as culturable as the *Place de la Concorde*; the whole occupied by about two millions of a brave and intellectual, but idle and vicious, race of artisans and cultivators, far below the Neapolitans whom of all Europeans they most resemble, — Mohammedans penetrated at once with fatalism and with that dreadful Sufee infidelity, the infidelity which, recognizing alike God and good, holds that neither has any moral obligation; and with about two millions of pastoral nomads, socially on a level with the Bedouins, morally, we believe, below them. To most of Sir Henry's audience at the Mansion House, on the contrary, the word "Persia" calls up the idea of a grand Oriental Empire, full of semi-civilized people and of wealth, with a Government despotic and oppressive perhaps, but energetic, efficient, and full of resources, a Government in all but probity not unlike that of India. In reality, the feeble, scattered, and decaying population of weary voluptuaries, cowed peasants,

and savage herdsmen is ruled by perhaps the worst Government, the one most inefficient for good, which ever afflicted mankind, — by a *clan* of despotic satraps, who, because they are kinsmen of the Royal House, are exempt even from the ordinary Asiatic check on misgovernment, — assassination by an indignant monarch or an outraged mob. There will come no help from them, even if they could give any; and if Persia has really been struck, as now seems certain, by that most horrible of scourges, a culminating famine, a famine increasing through three successive years, a famine like that of Orissa, or of Rajpootana, or the Great Famine of North India, a famine of forage as well as cereals, words will not suffice to describe the extent of a calamity which, if it lasts another year — and the time has passed for rain — may almost blot Persia out of the nations, finally paralyze her for resistance to the power always closing round her throat. Sir Henry Rawlinson states only what he knows, but what he states with reserve when carefully read indicates a calamity worse than that which crushed Orissa.

The Eelyat or Bedouin tribes who make up so large a portion of the population of Persia, a population smaller than that of Belgium, and more scattered and isolated in many districts than that of Northern Sweden, have been fighting for three years against continuous drought, until at last forage is unprocurable, and their stock has perished. It is difficult to imagine under such circumstances how they could be saved, even if the Persian Government were as strong as that of India. The clans cannot help each other, for all are stricken alike. They cannot march to more fertile pastures, for the drought has desolated the whole pastoral country, and if they wander beyond it they will be treated as enemies, even if there exist means to feed them beyond the frontier. Besides, their means of locomotion — that is, of travelling hundreds of miles through dried-up plains — must have failed them, and the only course visible to themselves will be to practise the resignation which in extreme moments never fails a Mohammedan, to live on less than will keep them alive, and await calmly either relief or death. They are doing this in known places, and what their fate must be in the encampments whence news never reaches Europe or even India, in the more arid plains and the dry valleys in the hills, it is ghastly even to conjecture. Help, if it comes at all, must come from without, and as Sir Henry Rawlinson hinted, that help is humanly speaking

nearly impossible. The Indian Government, with its wealth and organization, if stirred to a desperate effort, an effort like that required for the invasion of 1856-57, might save the tribes near the coast; but the Indian Government is not responsible for Persia, is overburdened, and would be utterly distrusted by the statesmen of Teheran. These statesmen can do almost nothing. Money is worthless even if they had it, and they have no supplies to send. They have no granaries stored for years such as the Indian Princes used to keep before communication improved, no means of transport such as nature and the British conquerors have provided for India. They have no storehouse like Bengal, where the only danger is flood, where when the rest of the continent is frying for the want of water the rice accumulates till the granaries burst. The conveyance of forage to the dying Bedouins is simply impossible, for the pack animals, marching through blighted provinces, would eat more than they could carry, and except beasts of burden there are no means of conveyance. There are no roads, no rivers, no railways, no canals, no means of transporting caravans of food. An Elyaut encampment with its horses dead must be like an encampment in a ruined planet, isolated from the help of all sentient beings. The "cities" might ray out supplies to certain limited distances; but, with one exception, a city in Persia is a collection of houses tenanted by people with less power to help than one of our large northern villages would in extremity exhibit, with one year's store of grain at most, and no accumulated wealth whatever. Besides, the famine must have extended to the cities. The inhabitants of the plains within any possible marching distance will of course have poured into them, and the worst stories of suffering come from them, from Teheran, and Tabreez, and Bushire, the last the richest and most accessible place in Persia. If the people in Bushire are dying daily; if in Ispahan, under the shadow of the Court, 12,000 are known to have perished; if in Kazeroon out of 10,000 people only 2,000 remain, — and all these statements can be surpassed from the official records of Orissa, — there is visibly no help to be hoped for from within Persia itself. The Persian Minister, as in duty bound, says the Shah gives all he can; but though, we dare say, he orders food and is plundered to pay for it, sympathy is an undeveloped virtue in the East, and the officials will accept the famine as they would a flood, and think they

have done much when they have remitted the State taxes. The famine, moreover, is not at an end. Not a hint is given in any of the speeches of Wednesday, not even in the optimist one uttered by the Minister, of any proximate diminution of distress, nor do we perceive any immediate or indeed approaching reason for hope. The forage may revive next year, but it will be three before the flocks and herds can be renewed, and one before much grain can be ready for consumption. For months everything must be imported, and as there is nothing to export in return, no hoarded wealth and no means of transport on any adequate scale, the future looks black indeed. Whether Sir Henry Rawlinson used the phrase "a doomed country" advisedly we do not know, but that phrase conveys exactly the apprehension which the recent history of Persia and the suggestions as to this famine leave upon our minds. A Government bad and effete, but too strong to be shaken off, cities ruined by tyranny and taxation, a people declining in number, and a soil devastated by droughts, Persia seems to us to be a great and a tempting prey to any power with the inclination to terminate her independence.

The Londoners can help the population of Bushire if they like, and even of Ispahan, and we certainly shall not dissuade them. But the calamity appears to our eyes too great to be relieved or even ameliorated by any subscription the Lord Mayor is likely to collect. If it is our duty to save the Persian Bedouins, it is on the Duke of Argyll and the Council of India, and not on the Londoners, that the moral responsibility must rest. They can do the work if they choose, and nobody else can. If the Duke pleases to order the effort and the Council to sanction the expenditure, they can throw limitless stores of food and sufficient commissariat officers and carts into Bushire to save the lives of all the Bedouins in the South who can move at all; can rescue fifty or five hundred times the number of persons who can be saved by any other organization. That, as we say, they can do it is certain; but the attempt involves a serious effort, and after much thinking we cannot be certain as to the moral obligation. The Indian Government cannot take upon itself the woes of all Asia; and it has no relation to the people of Persia except one of jealous and unwearying watchfulness over the proceedings of a very ambitious Court, which has once or twice been dangerously hostile. If the people could be

consulted all would be easy, but to tax natives equally liable to famine to relieve famine in a country with which they have little or no connection, and about which they have little knowledge or interest, is not, as far as we can see, an obligation of clear duty.

From The Saturday Review.
THE AMERICAN FIRES.

It would be melancholy indeed if humanity did not find something to set against the horrors of appalling calamities. We need not dwell upon the obvious consideration that it is the heaviest misfortunes of our kind that call into play the noblest virtues of our nature. But each particular instance may be made to bear its own especial fruits, and it seems to us that the Chicago fire should go a long way to increase our esteem for the Americans. After all, mutual regard and respect go perhaps as far as common interests in promoting good understanding between kindred nations—much further, certainly, than flattering speeches or even charitable gifts. The necessities of international intercourse habitually bring us and the Americans into intercourse so close that our asperities grate roughly on each other, and we are far more ready to cherish prejudices and antipathies than to correct or stifle them. If we persist in misunderstanding the Americans, perhaps they are themselves in great measure to blame. They pride themselves on a form of literature in which they especially shine, and the quaint humour with which they comment on themselves and their "institutions" responds to the keynote struck by Dickens in his much execrated *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Whether the greater share of the blame be theirs or ours, we have habituated ourselves to look on the comic side of their character, and to regard "smartness" and "cuteness" as the representative American virtues. Latterly, both we and they have begun to find that these virtues may have developed to an extravagant excess; from the wooden nutmegs of earlier New England trading days we have got to Fisk and Tweed, the Tammany Ring and the Erie Railway Board. Occupying ourselves by their own invitation with their foibles and their flagrant scandals, we forget that the nation could never have become what it is except by the steady cultivation of many sterling qualities; that good men must have known

and trusted each other, and that credit must have flourished from a sound core, in spite of all the disrepute cast upon it. Now, just after the conclusion of the Alabama Treaty, the burning of Chicago comes not inopportunistically to remind us what the Americans really are. The rapid growth of the place from a stockaded frontier hamlet we have long been familiar with. Most men who have travelled much have met everywhere with its thriving citizens, boastful of their dwarfing St. Louis and "chawing up" Cincinnati. Little credit to them, you might have answered, had you felt inclined to be captious; for everything they could desire made in their favour, and nature and circumstances conspired to shower blessings upon them. Even in Western America enterprise only flourishes in congenial soil. Eden would never have shot up "spontaneous" into a Chicago, from the deserted swamp in which its land-jobbing projectors had essayed to plant it. But, as a rule, the more men are carried forward in the swing of an immeasurable prosperity, the more terrible the reaction when the impulse is arrested. The luxuriant gourds of Chicago were blighted in a night; men who went to bed millionaires rose up to struggle, if not to beg; half the city was made houseless of a sudden; the flame of a kerosene lamp upset by an old woman in the straw of a cow-shed had fired the whole fabric of its prosperity. We hear vaguely of a loss of forty millions sterling; of a hundred thousand citizens burned out; of two thousand acres of charred ruins. We have no great faith in the exactness of statistics put forward at such a moment of excitement; but figures make only a vague impression on the imagination at best, and we may rely on it that these give a very fair notion of the devastation wrought at Chicago. The exceptional feature of the calamity was that, by a general destruction of capital, it suddenly levelled all ranks and classes after the wildest dreams of the Communists. The comparatively poor quarters were spared; it was those mainly inhabited by the wealthy that suffered the most. So that, with the best will in the world, few men were left in a position greatly to help their neighbours; if any one had the luck to save himself and his personal property, he had ample cause for anxiety in the idea that his fortune must be sucked down in the common wreck of breaking debtors and crashing banks. Yet almost before the flames were put out, assuredly long before the ashes had ceased to smoulder, local benevolence was busy, and the mar-

vellous recuperative faculty of the Americans was triumphantly asserting itself. Charity was erecting vast barracks for the homeless, and had laid the foundations of a gigantic soup-kitchen to feed the starving. "The burnt district no longer was an object of interest, save as to the situation of sites for rebuilding." Men were excavating their way down to the bank vaults and subterranean strong-rooms, that they might find out how their credits stood, and strike their balance-sheets. The telegraph companies had opened temporary offices for pressing and practical purposes, declining in the meantime to be bribed to gratify idle curiosity. "There was not much doing in produce circles"—how suggestive that is of unfaltering irrepressible energy!—"but the commission merchants and grain dealers are busy preparing to open on their usual scale next week." Ninety thousand homeless inhabitants had found billets in the quarters which the fire had spared. Lumber had gone to a premium, and hundreds of temporary shanties were being run up. Builders were being overwhelmed with tenders of new contracts. The Commercial National Bank is "to begin building on its old site on the 12th," and the proprietors of the stupendous Sherman House have leased new premises, and forthwith recommence business. And meantime, and perhaps more astonishing still, to help all this forward, country debtors are volunteering to pay up promptly, instead of demanding the production of burned vouchers of debt. It is not merely the poor who are helping the poor, but the suddenly impoverished rich who are freely assisting with their credit and their purses. Of the citizens who threw open their doors to the 90,000 houseless unfortunates, there are probably few indeed who do not lose heavily in one way or another, who have not grave cause for anxiety about prospects permanently changed for the worse. All local investments are annihilated or depreciated; provisions will necessarily rise, and the means of employing labour and paying wages must be hard to come by. Chicago has stood nobly by itself, and the result promises to justify the proverb, that those are helped who help themselves. The unparalleled magnitude of the disaster served to advertise it; supplies and money are pouring in as freely from all quarters as expressions of sympathy; the business connexions of the city radiate over America and Europe; it is the centre of a great system of railway communication; and it stands on the shores of an inland sea.

There will be much suffering and anxiety; for years to come Chicago must feel the effects of the convulsion, and some of its millionaires may never recover it; and yet we may fairly say that the worst is past, and that the city will tide over the calamity.

Unhappily misfortunes never come singly, and the inhabitants of Chicago are neither the only sufferers nor perhaps the chief ones. Many of them have lost their property, and some their lives; yet taking into account the population of the place, and the swift spread of the flames, the loss of life has been less than might have been looked for. But, if report does not exaggerate, the "forest fires" seem to have been destroying life and property alike on a scale of terrible magnitude. It would seem that an extraordinarily dry season must have parched up the prairies and scorched the vast forests into touch-wood. What is marvellous is, that by a sinister coincidence, flames should have broken out simultaneously like an epidemic all over so wide an extent of country. We can hardly wonder that the terror-stricken people should have been ready to attribute this promiscuous fire-raising to design, and have resorted in some instances to violence and Lynch law. To add to the horror of the situation, violent winds prevailed; the flames, once lighted, roared and crackled forward, gathering volume and fierceness as they went; the comparatively limited clearings were clasped in the terrible embrace of concentric coils of fire. The tremendous heat must have scorched far beyond where the flames could penetrate. When we read of one hundred and fifty men burned to death in a barn where they had taken refuge, we can faintly figure the tortures of mind and body in which they expired. We hear of three hundred and twenty-five bodies buried at one place, seventy-five at another, again one hundred and fifty at a third, and so on with the dimly monotonous catalogue. The more fortunate of the sufferers, hemmed in between fire and water, put out in a gale on the stormy lake to drift or pull in such craft as they could lay their hands on. One boat turned up at Kincardine, Ontario, freighted with two men, a woman, and nine children, with the body of a child who "had died of exhaustion." In their panic they had forgotten provisions, or more probably had been able to find none; for the two days they had been afloat they had been starving. When townships containing some four hundred

buildings and large mills and granaries have been half consumed, when numerous villages have been swept clean away, when death has been busy even among those who had the lakes for a refuge, we can easily guess the fate of the occupants of many a solitary forest farm, although for too obvious reasons we hear as yet little or nothing of these. With the trees coming up to their very homesteads, acting like so many trains laid for the fire to run along, what chance had they for escape? We have often heard of prairie fires whose speed outstripped that of the swiftest horse; and settlers flying with their women and children had little chance with the slower advance of the remorseless forest conflagration that was hemming them in. The *Detroit Post* remarks that the destruction in these forest fires may prove equal to that sustained at Chicago. Already the reported loss of life from the country far exceeds that in the city, and from the very nature of things it is impossible we can as yet know the worst. We have terrible proof of the combustible condition of the country, and by the latest accounts there has been little lull in the fatal winds. Thus there is parched fuel ready in profusion, with fanners all ready to blow any chance spark into a wide-spreading calamity. Nor could these disasters have happened at a worse time. The crops for the most part had been stored, but not sold; the hard-won family supplies had been laid in for the long winter. Now the winter is upon the sufferers, and they are left with neither food nor shelter. Chicago, which would in other circumstances have freely opened its purse, is itself reduced for the moment to beg for charity, and the efforts of Chicago's wealthy neighbours to assist her may seriously diminish their power of being charitable elsewhere. With good reason we have almost unbounded faith in American generosity, and in no country has unmerited misfortune a better chance of being relieved. But, at best, the scattered fires in the forests will be apt to pale into comparative insignificance before the grand blaze of Chicago; and when there is so much crying misery at their doors, busy philanthropists may forget to go far afield to unknown villages beyond the range of telegraph and railway. We do not know that we in England have been over liberal in our contributions to Chicago; the sum raised has been made up in the main by munificent subscriptions from a handful of great firms. We could wish that English households would come forward and imi-

tate the example of our great mercantile firms. We hope they may never have to listen to a more urgent or heartrending appeal than that which comes to them from the Western forests and prairies.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE DEATH OF THE DUC D'ORLEANS.

M. TROGNON'S "Life of Queen Marie Amélie" gives the following account of the death of the Duc d'Orléans, written by the unhappy mother herself a few days after the event:—

My Chartres, my beloved son, he whose birth made all my happiness, whose infancy and growing years were all my occupation, whose youth was my pride and my consolation, and who would, as I hoped, be the prop of my old age, no longer exists! He has been taken from us, in the midst of the completest happiness and of the happiest prospect for the future, while each day he gained in virtue, in sense, in wisdom, following the footsteps of his noble and excellent father. He was more than a son to me, he was my best friend. And God has taken him from me. . . . On the 2nd, Chartres and Hélène left Plombières, where the latter was to take baths. He was, after having established her there, to come back and spend a few days at Paris, before going to Saint Omer, there to take the command of a corps d'armée intended to execute great manoeuvres on the Marne, which had been the object of all his thoughts and employments for a year past. Accordingly, on the 9th, he returned from Plombières, and came to dine with us at Neuilly, full of the elections, and talking of them with that warmth of heart and intellect which was apparent in all that he did. Next day—my fête day—he came, contrary to his usual custom, with an enormous bouquet, telling me it was given in the name of the whole family. He heard mass and breakfasted with us. He was so cheerful! He sat beside me at dinner; he got up, drank my health with much clatter, and made the band play a particular march, in honour of me. Who would have said that this was the last time this dear child was to show me so much affection? On the 11th, he again remained to dinner, and spent the evening with us, much occupied all the time by his camp and the elections. . . . On the 12th he arrived about four o'clock in his country suit. We conversed together about the health of Hélène which made him anxious, about Clementina's marriage which he earnestly desired, about the elections, and many other subjects, he always ending with the "refrain," "In short, dear Majesty, we always end by agreeing upon important points." And it was very true. . . . After dinner we took a turn in the park, he, Victoire, Clémentine, Aumale, and I. Never had he been so gay, so brilliant, so affectionate

to me. He spoke to me of his arrangements for the troops, of the time when the King was to go with us to Sainte Menchould, of the time he should spend there, of his daily occupations; he looked forward to giving him a representation of the Battle of Valmy. I gave him my arm, saying, "Come, dear prop of my old age," and next day he was to exist no longer! We had returned to the drawing-room a little late; a great many people came. He remained talking till ten o'clock, and when going away he came to bid me good night. I gave him my hand and said, "You will come and see us tomorrow before leaving." He replied "Perhaps." On the 13th, at eleven o'clock, we were about to get into the carriage to go to the Tuileries. Following the King to the red drawing-room I see Trouessart (commissioner of police) with a terrified countenance whispering to General Gourgaud, who makes a gesture of horror and goes to speak in a low voice to the King, who cries out, "Ah! my God." Then I cry out, "Something has happened to one of my children. I will know the truth; let nothing be hidden from me." The King replies, "Yes, my dear, Chartres has had a fall coming here, and he has been carried into a house at Sablonville." Hearing that, I began to run like a mad woman in spite of the cries of the King and the remonstrances of M. de Chabannes, who followed me. But my strength was not at one with my heart, and on getting as far as the farm, I was exhausted. Happily the King came up in the carriage with my sister, and I got in with them. Our carriage stopped, we got out in haste, and went into the inn, where, in a small room, on a mattress stretched upon the ground we found Chartres, who was being bled at that moment. . . . The death-rattle had begun. "What is that?" said the King to me. I replied, "My friend, that is the death-rattle. For pity's sake, let some one fetch a priest, that my poor child may not die like a dog." And I went for a moment into a little room, where I fell on my knees and asked God from my inmost soul if He wanted a victim to take me, and to spare our so dear child. . . . Dr. Pasquier arrived soon after. I said to him: "Sir, you are a man of honour; if you think the danger imminent, I entreat you to tell me so, that my child may receive extreme unction." He hung his head, and said: Madame, it is time for this." The curé of Neuilly came in and administered the sacrament, while we were all on our knees round the pallet weeping and praying. I unloosed from my neck a small cross, containing a

a fragment of the true cross, and I put it into the hand of my poor child, that the saving God might have pity on him in his passage to eternity. M. Pasquier got up and spoke in the king's ear. Then that venerable and unfortunate father, his face bathed in tears, knelt by the side of his eldest son, and, tenderly embracing him, cried, "Ah! if it were I instead of he." I also drew near, and kissed him three times for myself, for Hélène, for his children. I laid upon his mouth the little cross, the symbol of our redemption, and I then placed it and left it on his heart. The whole family embraced him by turns, then each returned to his place. . . . But the breathing now became irregular: it was twice interrupted and resumed. I then asked that the priest might return to say the prayers for the dying. He had scarcely knelt down and made the sign of the cross when my dear child drew a last and deep breath, and his beautiful, good, generous, and noble soul left his body. . . . The priest, at my request, said a "De Profundis;" the king wanted to lead me away, but I begged him to allow me to embrace for the last time this beloved son, the object of my deepest tenderness. I took that dear head in my hands, I kissed his cold and discoloured lips, I placed the little cross upon them, then carried it away, bidding a last farewell to him whom I loved so well, whom I loved, perhaps, too well. The king led me into the next room: I fell on his neck; we were unhappy together: our irreparable loss was common to both, and I suffered as much for him as for myself. There was a crowd in the little room; I wept, I talked, I was beside myself. I remembered no one but the unhappy Marshal Gérard, the extent of whose misfortune I then understood. At the end of a few minutes they said that all was ready. The body had been placed on a stretcher covered with a white cloth. It was carried by four men of the house, and supported by two gendarmes. They went out by the stable gate; there was an immense crowd outside. Two battalions of the 2nd and 17th Light Cavalry, who had but lately passed the gates of Tron with him and stormed the brow of Mouzaïa, lined the hedge and remained with us. We all followed on foot the inanimate body of this beloved son, who a few hours before came along this road full of health, strength, happiness, and hope to embrace his parents now plunged into an immense sorrow. Thus we carried him, and laid him down in our dear little chapel where, four days before, he had heard mass with the whole family.

THOSE who err in one direction, always take care to let you know that they are quite free from error in the opposite direction. A boorish man thanks God very loudly that he is not in-

sincere — nobody having ever thought of accusing him even of that small and wretched approach to politeness which is sometimes favoured by insincerity.

Arthur Helps.

